Love cures our Vices & refines our Hearts,
The Source of manners Industry & Parts.

OVID's ART of LOVE,

In THREE BOOKS:

Together with his

REMEDY of LOVE.

Translated into *English* VERSE,

By Several EMINENT HANDS.

PART FIRST.

To which are added,

The COURT of LOVE.

AND THE

HISTORY of LOVE.

Printed in the Year MDCCLIX.

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To the Right Honourable

RICHARD,

EARL of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

OUR Poet's rules, in eaſy numbers, tell
He felt the paſſion, he deſcribes ſo well.
In that ſoft art ſucceſsfully refin'd,
Tho' angry Cæſar *frown'd, the fair were kind.*
More ills from love, than tyrant's malice, flow;
Jove's *thunder ſtrikes leſs ſure than* Cupid's *bow.*

Ovid *both felt the pain, and found the eaſe:*
Phyſicians ſtudy moſt their own diſeaſe.
The practice of that age in this we try,
Ladies wou'd liſten then, and lovers lie.
Who flatter'd moſt the fair were moſt polite,
Each thought her own admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal;
But to be boldly ſo, atton'd for all.
Breeding was baniſh'd for the fair one's ſake;
The ſex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours ſhou'd take.

DEDICATION.

Advice to you, my lord, in vain we bring,
The flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming ſpring.
Tho' you poſſeſs all nature's gifts, take care;
Love's queen has charms, but fatal is her ſnare.

On all that goddeſs her falſe ſmiles beſtows,
As on the ſeas ſhe reigns, from whence ſhe roſe.
Young Zephirs *ſigh with fragrant breath, ſoft gales*
Guide her gay barge, and ſwell the ſilken ſails:
Each ſilver wave in beauteous order moves,
Fair as her boſom, gentle as her doves;
But he that once embarks, too ſurely finds
A ſullen ſky, black ſtorms, and angry winds.
Cares, fears, and anguiſh, hov'ring on the coaſt,
And wracks of wretches by their folly loſt.

When coming time ſhall bleſs you with a bride,
Let paſſion not perſuade, but reaſon guide:
Inſtead of gold, let gentle truth endear:
She has moſt charms, who is the moſt ſincere.
Shun vain variety, 'tis but diſeaſe;
Weak appetites are ever hard to pleaſe.
The nymph muſt fear to be inquiſitive;
'Tis for the ſex's quiet to believe.
Her air an eaſy confidence muſt ſhew,
And ſhun to find, what ſhe wou'd dread to know;
Still charming with all arts that can engage,
And be the JULIANA *of the age.*

The

The INTRODUCTION.

OVID's Art of Love *having lately appeared in* French, *with* obſervations *written by the* tranſlator, *which have been very well received in* France; *it has been thought proper to add ſuch of them as are moſt curious to this* verſion, *and to make other new* remarks *in ſome places, where the* Engliſh tranſlators *have given another* turn *to the* original. *The* introduction *to theſe* obſervations *is entirely the* French *author's; ſo are moſt of the reflections. 'Tis hop'd thoſe that are not taken from him, will not be found to be of leſs importance than thoſe that are.*

A great many people are miſtaken in theſe books; and tho' they were made uſe of as a pretence to drive the author from the court of Auguſtus, *and confine him to* Timos *on the frontiers of the* Getæ *and* Sarmatæ, *yet they were not the true cauſe of his confinement. They are very far from being ſo licentious as the writings of ſeveral other poets, both* Greek *and* Latin. *However we muſt own he might have been a little more diſcreet, eſpecially in ſome places.*

That which offended the Romans *moſt in this work, cannot touch us. It has always been more dangerous in* Italy *to converſe with women of honour, and frequent their houſes, than 'tis with us: Though there is more liberty, and what in that country may be an occaſion of debauchery, would not at all be ſo in ours.*

Notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid againſt theſe books of the Art of Love, *by ſome over-ſcrupulous perſons, whoſe diſcretion has too much of affectation in it; they are not only neceſſary for the knowledge of the* Latin *tongue, and the* Roman *hiſtory, concerning which they contain ſeveral things*

very particular: but for the noble ſentiments we find in them, which the moſt grave *and* learned *writers have thought worthy to be quoted for* authorities.

In a word, there's nothing in them that comes near the licence *of ſome* epigrams *of* Catullus, Martial, *and* Auſonius, *of ſome* ſatyrs *of* Horace *and* Juvenal, *and ſeveral other pieces of* ancient *and* modern *authors, which are read and commented upon; and about which even celebrated* Jeſuits *and other religious perſons, as eminent for their piety as their erudition, have imployed their ſtudies. Yet who has condemn'd or complain'd of them? We muſt confeſs, ſuch things ſhould be manag'd with addreſs: and thoſe of them who have meddled with any of the authors I have named, have ſhewn that it may be done ſo, by their ſucceeding ſo happily in it.*

As for this treatiſe of the Art of Love, *for which the author has alſo preſcrib'd a* remedy, *as it is liable to be ill intercepted by thoſe whoſe pens poiſon every thing they touch; ſo it may bear a good conſtruction, by ſuch as know how to turn every thing to advantage.*

I will yet ſay, this Art *may be apply'd to thoſe that intend to marry. There is nothing ſure againſt decency in all that. I agree, if you will have it ſo, that it extends ſo far as to direct one to the means to gain a miſtreſs. If this was not lawful heretofore in* Italy, *on account of the jealous humour of the* Italians, *we cannot, for the ſame reaſon only, ſay it ought to be forbidden in our country, any more than in ſeveral others, provided we could be ſure the ladies modeſty would not be offended, before whom youth ſhould be always careful not to exceed the bounds of the reſpect that's due to them.*

Be it as it will, I have thought of endeavouring to apply all that is ſaid in theſe books of wanton love, *to the* art *of loving the* ſciences. *The* emblem *is not diſagreeable, neither is it impoſſible to explain all that* Ovid *has written here upon the love of* beauty, *by that of the* arts. *What do we*

not

not ſometimes underſtand by the loves of a ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſs? By a lover of incomparable beauty, and his fair one paſſionately in love? But, keeping to the fable, how often has the loves of Jupiter *and* Juno *been moraliz'd upon, as well as thoſe of* Apollo *and* Daphne, Mars *and* Venus, Myrrha *and* Cynaras, *and ſeveral others, the examples of which are almoſt infinite? Yet theſe things are ſeen every day, all the world read and admire them. Tho' the outſide of them is a little ſtrong, and the literal ſenſe more ſuſpected, than any of the precepts laid down in* Ovid's Art of Love *are licentious.*

But to ſoften this thought a little; let us figure to ourſelves, that the poet is not only a gallant *of the court of* Auguſtus, *but a philoſopher of the* Portic *and* Lyceum; *who propoſes to us, as to his diſciples, excellent rules to acquire the* virtues *and* ſciences, *repreſented under the name of the* muſes, *or ladies of various beauty, who may be met with every where, eſpecially in great academies, in the ſchools, in courts, in walks, and in holy places; figur'd by* cirques, theatres, galleries, porticos, *and the* temples *of the* Roman *deities, where great aſſemblies were held. And when we have choſen that which pleaſes us beſt, and is moſt agreeable to our nature; let us endeavour to gain its good graces, and enjoy it, that we may become more wiſe, and more virtuous. Thus we may deceive our imagination; and 'twill be eaſy for us to make the reading of this treatiſe, not only pleaſant, but profitable. We need not then have any ſcruple upon us, becauſe there is nothing unchaſte in the expreſſion, tho' ſuch things as are entirely gallant are not neglected; at leaſt no farther than modeſty and decency requir'd. I will, if I can, explain my thoughts in this matter, according as occaſion may offer.*

Of the Art of Love. *By this we ought to underſtand how we moſt love, or how we muſt preſerve the object of our love, when we have once acquir'd it. Otherwiſe 'twere uſe-*

leſs to write an Art of Love. *For* love *is form'd in the heart without* art, *and all are without* art *ſuſceptible of that paſſion. It generally ſurpriſes us, and we know not from whence it comes, though we feel it very ſenſibly. For this reaſon the poets ſo often endeavour to perſuade us that* love *is a potent* god, *who wounds every thing with his darts; and that there is no creature able to reſiſt him. We therefore need no* art *to teach us to* love, *nor even to* love *any thing reaſonably: but 'tis of very great importance to each of us, that when we are inſpir'd, the inſpiration ſhould be for a proper object, and a good end, as I deſign to ſhew you.*

Ovid. *This poet wrote theſe books a few years before his exile, under colour of which the* decree *of the ſenate for his baniſhment was procur'd; tho' they certainly were not the* cauſe *of it; and indeed could not reaſonably be ſo, unleſs* Ovid *wrote them in favour of* Auguſtus's *grand-daughter, whom he viſited with a little too much familiarity, and did it to pleaſe her. For ſhe, no more than her mother,* Agrippa's *wife, was not ſo modeſt as perſons of quality and high condition ought to be, as well for their own glory, as for an example to others.*

The two firſt books of the Art of Love *contain the precepts which the author lays down for young men to follow in their courtſhip to the ladies; and the third teaches the ladies how they ought to make themſelves be belov'd. The allegory is not uneaſily apply'd to the* ſciences *and the* virtues, *repreſented as lovely women, after my way of imagining it.*

OVID's ART of LOVE.

Translated, some Years since,

By Mr DRYDEN.

BOOK I.

IN *Cupid*'s school, whoe'er would take degree,
Must learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with sailing arts their vessels move;
Art guides the chariot; *a* art instructs to love.
Of ships and chariots others know the rule;
But I am master in love's mighty school.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn god *b*; but yet the god's a child:

Easy

a Art is certainly requisite, in every thing, to succeed well; and he who does not understand the art of writing, especially of making verses, ought never to meddle that way.
b Love is very seldom guided by reason. *Ille ferus est*, I confess he is cruel, or wild.

Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce *Achilles* in his pupilage.
That hero, born for conqueſt *c*, trembling ſtood
Before the centaur, and receiv'd the rod. *d*
As *Chiron e* mollify'd his cruel mind
With art; and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So love's fair goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſooth the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human kind.

Yet *Cupid* and *Achilles*, each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddeſs born. *f*
The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws: *g*
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws.
And ſtubborn love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Tho' ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpight.

I boaſt no aid the *Delphian* god affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds; *h*

Nor

c Chiron. *Ovid* calls *Phillyrides*, that is the ſon of *Phillyra*; for *Chiron* was the ſon of *Phillyra*, daughter of *Oceanus* and *Saturn*; who made love to her in the ſhape of a horſe, according to *Aratus*. *d* This alludes to his killing *Hector*. *e Achilles* ſubmitted to the diſcipline of the centaur *Chiron*; and when he had committed a fault, held out his hands to the *Ferula*, or rather rod for correction. *f Cupid* was the ſon of *Venus*, and *Achilles* of *Thetis*. Both were children alike, and both hard to govern. For indeed the paſſions of love and glory, are not eaſily overcome by reaſon, which ought always to be miſtreſs. *g* This is, (ſays he) to ſhew us that love may alſo be tam'd by habit. *h* The poets, as is well known, always invok'd this divinity; but *Ovid*'s manner is here particular; he addreſſes *Venus* to be propitious to him the ſubject relating to that goddeſs. From whence the

Nor *Clio* nor her ſiſters have I ſeen,
As *Heſiod* ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work a truth ſo try'd,
You may believe; and *Venus* be my guide. *i*

Far hence ye veſtals be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ankles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all a-like, for love, or money find.

You, who in *Cupid*'s rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame; *k*
Then ſtrive with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.

Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fiſh, and where to bait his hook.

The fowler and the huntſman know by name
The certain haunts, and harbour of their game.
So muſt the lover beat the likelieſt grounds;
Th' aſſemblies where his quarry moſt abounds.

Nor

ancients drew their auguries. To which the poet here alludes. As if he wou'd have ſaid, I am not *Heſiod*, who, as he kept his flocks in the vale of *Aſcra* (that poet being a ſhepherd) ſaw the nine muſes, who inſpir'd him to make verſes. The vale of *Aſcra* was at the foot of mount *Helicon*, where *Dius* and *Lycemede*, *Heſiod*'s father and mother dwelt. *i.* It has been before obſerv'd, that he invokes the goddeſs of love to aſſiſt his ſong. *k* The poet here gives his advice as to three things; to ſeek after an amiable object, to win it by reſpect and complacency, and not to loſe it after once gotten.

Nor ſhall my novice wander far aſtray;
Theſe rules ſhall put him in the ready way.
Thou ſhalt not ſail around the continent,
As far as *Perſeus*, or as *Paris* went: *l*
For *Rome* alone affords thee ſuch a ſtore,
As all the world can hardly ſhew thee more.
The face of heav'n with fewer ſtars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the *Roman* ſphere are found.

Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning ſweetneſs, in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here may'ſt thou find thy full deſires in both.
Or if autumal beauties pleaſe thy ſight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight;)
Millions of matrons of the graver ſort,
In common prudence, will not balk the ſport.

In ſummer heats thou needſt but only go
To *Pompey*'s cool and ſhady *Portico*;
Or *concord*'s fane *m*; or that proud edifice,
Whoſe turrets near the bawdy ſuburb riſe:
Or to that other *Portico*, where ſtands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters *n* wait the time of reſt,
To plunge their ponyards in the bridegrooms breaſt.
Or *Venus*' temple; *o* where, on annual nights,
They mourn *Adonis* with *Aſſyrian* rites.

Nor

l Alluſion to *Paris*, who ſail'd from *Troy* to *Greece* to look for a wife, where he ſtole the famous *Helen* ſo much talk'd of, and carry'd her off. *m* Generally interpreted, and is ſuppoſed to mean the temple of concord, built by *Livia*, *Germanicus*'s mother. *n* The *Danaides*, ſo call'd from their father *Danaus*, king of *Argos*; and ſometimes *Belides*, from the name of their grandfather *Belus*, who had two ſons, *Ægyptus* and *Danaus*. *o* 'Twas the cuſtom among the *Romans*, to meet in the temples of *Venus* to mourn *Adonis*; of which the prophet *Ezekiel* ſpeaks, *Ezek.* 8. 14. *Ovid* means the

Nor ſhun the *Jewiſh* walk, *p* where the foul drove,
On ſabbaths, reſt from every thing but love.
Nor *Iſis'* temple; for that ſacred whore *q*
Makes others, what to *Jove* ſhe was before. *r*
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
Even there the cauſe of love is often try'd.
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace yard;
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.
There eloquence is nonpluſt in the ſuit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave ſenators led home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout;
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills, thither they repair:

Like

the temple of *Venus*, where that goddeſs was worſhip'd at *Rome* with *Adonis*, according to the manner of the *Aſſyrians*. *p* There were a great number of the *Jews* at *Rome*, in *Auguſtus*'s reign, who were allow'd full liberty to exerciſe their ceremonies, according to the law of *Moſes*. And the *Roman* ladies went often to ſee them out of curioſity, which gave occaſion for aſſignations at their *Synagogues*. *q* This relates to certain ceremonies in the temple of *Iſis*, after the manner of the *Ægyptians*. He calls this temple the *Cow of Nile*. The feaſt of *Iſis* was celebrated every year by the women ten days together, and not without allowing themſelves great liberties on thoſe occaſions. *r* Many women were debauch'd by *Iſis*'s means, as ſhe was by *Jupiter* under the name of *Io*, whoſe fable all the world have heard of.

Like bees to hives, ſo numerouſly they throng,
It may be ſaid, they to that place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the public voice;
There chuſe, if plenty not diſtracts thy choice.
To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.

From *Romulus* the riſe of plays began,
To his new ſubjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried ſoldiers to ſupply,
Took care the common-wealth ſhould multiply:
Providing *Sabine* women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of ſlaves.
His play-houſe, not of *Parian* marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
The ſtage with ruſhes, or with leaves they ſtrew'd:
To ſcenes in proſpect, no machining god,
On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they ſit in ruſtic majeſty,
Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
Scarce cou'd they wait the *Plaudit* in their haſte;
But ere the dances and the ſongs were paſt,
The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne:
And riſing, bad his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready preſt,
Juſt at the word (the word too was the beſt)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some chuſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.

Their

§ This idea of the *Roman* theatres in their infancy, may ſerve to put us in mind of our own, which we read of in old poets, as in *Black-friers*, the *Bull* and *Mouth*, and *Barbican*, not much better than the ſtrolers at a country-fair.

Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely treſſes of their hair:
Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with dumb deſpair.
Her abſent mother, one invokes in vain;
One ſtands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and bluſhing, to the genial bed.
She who too long reſiſted, or deny'd,
The luſty lover made by force a bride;
And with ſuperior ſtrength, compell'd her to his ſide.
Then ſooth'd her thus!——My ſoul's far better part.
Ceaſe weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that ſolemn vow I paſs?

Thus *Romulus* became ſo popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war.
To pay his army, and freſh whores to bring:
Who wou'd not fight for ſuch a gracious king!

Thus love in theatres did firſt improve;
And theaters are ſtill the ſcene of love.
Nor ſhun the chariots, and the courſer's race;
The *t Circus* is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand. *u*

t Theſe races were in the *Cirque*, or in the *Hippodromes*, or in the field of *Mars*, and were commonly run in the month of *April*, in the grand *Cirque*, between the *Aventine* and *Palatine* hills. The word *Circus*, or *Cirques*, comes from the horſes running round the courſe or *Metes*. *u* 'Tis plain by this the ancient *Romans* us'd to make love by ſigns on their fingers, like the modern *Spaniards* and *Portugueſe*.

But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide;
Cloſe as you can to hers; and ſide by ſide.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding ſit;
For ſo the laws of public ſhews permit,
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe;
Enquire whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe;
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind:
Like what ſhe likes, from thence your court begin;
And whom ſhe favours wiſh that he may win.
But when the ſtatues of the deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When *Venus* comes, with deep devotion riſe.
If duſt be on her lap, or grains of ſand;
Bruſh both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet bruſh that nothing thence;
And ſtill to touch her lap make ſome pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean:
And while you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
Who knows but you may ſee her naked thighs!
Obſerve who ſits behind her; and beware,
Leſt his incroaching knee ſhou'd preſs the fair.
Light ſervice takes light minds: for ſome can tell
Of favours won, by laying cuſhions well.
By fanning faces ſome their fortune meet;
And ſome by laying footſtools for their feet.
Theſe overtures of love the *Circus* gives;
Nor at the ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
For there the ſon of *Venus* fights his prize; *x*
And deepeſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.

One,

x Amphitheatres, where the gladiators fought: Of which *Juvenal* ſpeaks eſpecially in his 6th *Satyr*: He calls it *Triſtis Arena*, on account of the murders that were committed there;

One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the ſpectacle is made a part.

Cæſar would repreſent a naval fight, *y*
For his own honour, and for *Rome*'s delight.
From either ſea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in *Rome!*
In this vaſt concourſe, in this choice of game;
What *Roman* heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining eaſt to *Rome* will add.
Rejoice ye *Roman* ſoldiers in your urns,
Your enſigns from the *Parthians* ſhall return;
And the ſlain *Craſſi* ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen,
In childhood all of *Cæſar*'s race are men.
Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.

Thus

there; and the *Romans* with all their politeneſs, muſt have a great mixture of cruelty in their tempers, or they would not have taken pleaſure in ſeeing men cut one another's throats, and look on with ſo much indifference, that they could make love in thoſe very places.

y The naval combats were repreſented in a place dug on purpoſe on the banks of the *Tiber*; 'twas call'd *Naumachia*; and when occaſion required, the river water was let into it. This alludes to the triumphs of the *Roman* conquerors: They were wonderfully magnificent, accompanied with rich ſpoils, and pictures of rivers, mountains, cities, and provinces conquered by them; not to ſpeak of the captive kings and great captains that followed the victors car in chains.

Thus infant *Hercules* the ſnakes did preſs;
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus a boy, yet like a hero fought;
And early ſpoils from conquer'd *India* brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight;
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your title as you grow.
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent, and your own,
Redeem your country and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.
Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome;
Subject them too, by force of arms, to *Rome*.
Great father *Mars* with greater *Cæſar* join;
To give a proſperous *Omen* to your line;
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I prophecy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome;
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſes exhort to loud alarms;
O were my numbers equal to your arms,
Then would I ſing the *Parthians* overthrow:
Their ſhot averſe ſent from a flying bow.
The *Parthians*, who already flying fight;
Already give an *Omen* of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heav'n deſign'd,
When thou the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurpriſing ſight,
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and next to thee,
Some beauty ſits the ſpectacle to ſee;

If

If ſhe enquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is *Euphrates*, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift *Tigris* with his ſea-green hair. *z*
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this *Armenia*, that the *Caſpean* ſhore:
Call this a *Mede*, and that a *Parthian* youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.

In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound:
More pleaſure there than that of wine is found.
The *Paphian* goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And love betwixt the horns of *Bacchus* plays:
Deſires encreaſe at ev'ry ſwilling draught;
Briſk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There *Cupid*'s purple wings no flight afford;
But wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chuſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit; *a*
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.

z A river that runs thro' *Armenia*, and falls into the *Euphrates* with a very rapid current. *a* The poets gave horns to this god, to ſhew his malice and obſtinacy, very well repreſented by horns. This is *Feſtus*'s thought: And the ancients us'd to ſay ſo of ſuch as were drunk. The night is an ill time to chuſe a miſtreſs in.

Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance.
By day-light *Paris* judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt, did the prize decree,
Night is a cheat and all deformities,
Are hid, or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.

Why name I ev'ry place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time; and a too fruitful ground.
The *Bajan* baths *b* where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholeſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide:
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or *Dian*'s fane, which near the ſuburb lies;
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize *c*
That maiden goddeſs is love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.

Thus far the ſportful muſe, with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.

Now

b Seneca among others, obſerves, that 'twas not only a place of pleaſure, but of debauchery. The delicious baths that were there, tempted *debauchees* to frequent them.—
c The ſovereign prieſt of *Diana*, *Aricina* call'd himſelf king, and often got that dignity by gaining the better of his opponent in ſingle combat. The wife of this king-prieſt call'd herſelf *Queen of Sacrifices*. He propoſes here the means to obtain the good graces of thoſe we think worthy to be courted: And we muſt do the ſame to acquire fine learning, as lovers do to ſatisfy their paſſions; there is no need of more care, and the pleaſure is much greater. The celeſtial *Venus* is more charming than the terreſtrial, and divine love ſoon extinguiſhes carnal, which burns with an obſcure fire; whereas the divine enlightens thoſe that it warns with holy deſires; it leaves no ſting behind it, and never has an end.

Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my ſchool, attend.

Firſt then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſhopper, ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than women can reſiſt your flatt'ring ſkill:
Ev'n ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.
To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they wou'd firſt declare;
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temp'rate in his luſt than they;
Add more than women, can his paſſion ſway.
Biblis, we know did firſt her love declare; *d*
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.
Her brother ſhe; her father *Myrrha* ſought;
And lov'd; but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her od'rous tears;
Which yet the name of her who ſhed'em bears.

In *Ida*'s ſhady vale a bull appear'd; *e*
White as the ſnow, the faireſt of the herd;

d She fell in love with *Caunus* her brother; both of them the childen of *Meander*.— *e* Not the *Ida* in *Phrygia*, but in the iſle of *Crete*, and the higheſt mountain in that iſland, according to the *Strabo*. *Paſiphae*, daughter of the ſun, and wife to *Minos*, king of *Crete*, is fabled to be enamour'd of a bull; and *Dedalus*, the famous mechanic, aſſiſted her to enjoy her deteſtable deſires, by making a machine like a cow; within which, *Ovid* tells us, ſhe was careſt by her gallant. From this intrigue the *Minotaure* was born, half man and half bull, who was inclos'd in a labyrinth, and by the aſſiſtance of *Ariadne*, killed by *Theſeus*.

A beauty ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the *Cretan* cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd ev'ry leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt;
And hated ev'ry heifer he careſs'd.
A ſtory known, and known for true I tell;
Nor *Crete*, though lying, can the truth conceal.*f*
She cut him graſs; (ſo much can love command)
She ſtrok'd ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam?
And *Minos* by the bull was overcome.

Ceaſe queen, with gems, t'adorn thy beautious brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes;
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirrour, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wou'dſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals; to be horn'd like them.
If *Minos* pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.

The wretched queen the *Cretan* court forſakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes ev'ry beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
Ah why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking aukwardly to gain his heart,
She ſaid; and ſtreight commands with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke.

Or

f The *Cretans* were always reckon'd lyars; and St *Paul*, in his epiſtle to *Titus*, quotes a verſe of *Epimenides* on the ſame ſubject.

Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes.
Then, when the bloody prieſt has done his part;
Pleas'd, in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart:
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.

Now ſhe wou'd be *Europa*———*Io* now *g*
(One bore a bull; and one was made a cow.)
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd;
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtain'd:
Fill'd with his ſeed, accompliſh'd her deſire;
Till, by his form, the ſon betray'd the ſire.

If *Atrens* wife to inceſt had not run, *h*
(But ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers *Phœbus* had not driv'n away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter *Niſus*, pull'd thy purple hair; *i*
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land *Atrides* ſav'd his life;
Yet fell a pray to his adult'rous wife.
Who knows not what revenge *Medea* ſought *k*
When the ſlain offſpring bore the father's fault;
Thus *Phœuix* did a woman's love bewail: *l*
And thus *Hippolytus* by *Phædra* fell. *m*

Theſe

g This known fable is told us thus. *Jupiter* falling in love with *Europa*, daughter of *Agenor*, king of *Phœnicia*, and taking the ſhape of a bull, raviſh'd her in the *Dictean* cave; and begot *Minos* and *Radamanthus*.— *h* *Atreus*'s wife's name was *Æropa*, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be debauch'd by her brother-in-law *Thyeſtes*.— *i* Her name was *Scylla*, and ſhe betrayed her father, in favour of her gallant *Minos*. *Clytemneſtra*, and the adulterer *Ægiſtheus*, murdered *Agamemnon*.— *k* For *Jaſon*'s leaving her and marrying *Creuſa* daughter of *Creon*.— *l* *Phœnix* the ſon of *Amyntor*, enjoyed a woman whom his father lov'd. His father was ſo enraged at him, that he imprecated all the miſeries he could think of to light upon his ſon.— *m* *Hippolytus*, the ſon of *Theſeus*, was pulled in pieces by horſes.

Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit;
Hotter their luſt and ſharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy victory,
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhou'd woe:
She who complains and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure whate'er thy luck mayprove;
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince woman-kind
Is frail and vain; and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands, and ſtale gallants they deſpiſe;
And more another's than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field,
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.

Firſt gain the maid: *n* By her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs and eaſy to procure:
Who knows, what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and pray'rs;
For her good word goes far in love affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſure prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's blood,
Is when they find her in a merry mood.
When all things at her wiſh and pleaſure move;
Her heart is open then, and free to love.
Then mirth and wantonneſs to luſt betray,
And ſmooth the paſſage to the lover's way.
Troy ſtood the ſiege when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.

If ſome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy ſervice to revenge in kind.

In-

n This precept is one of the moſt important in this treatiſe: For if you wou'd, at any time gain the favours of the maſter, you muſt get the love of his men.

Inſtruct the damſel, while ſhe combs her hair,
To raiſe the choler of that injur'd fair;
And ſighing make her miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand.
Then, naming thee, thy humble ſuit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all;
For women ſoon are rais'd and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt fury leiſure to relent,
They melt like ice, and ſuddenly repent.

T'enjoy the maid, will that thy ſuit advance?
'Tis a hard queſtion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid corrupted, bawds the better for't;
Another for herſelf wou'd keep the ſport.
Thy bus'neſs may be further'd or delay'd,
But by my councel, let alone the maid.
Ev'n tho' ſhe ſhou'd conſent to do the feat;
The profit's little and the danger's great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, ſafe, and broad:
Yet if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend;
And her good face her diligence commend.
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.

But this I will adviſe, and mark my words,
For 'tis the beſt advice my ſkill affords.
If needs thou with the damſel wilt begin;
Before the attempt is made be ſure to win.
For then the ſecret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no tales when once ſhe's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's intereſt to beware,
The bird intangled ſhould not ſcape the ſnare.
The fiſh once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook;
And ſpoils the ſport of all the neighb'ring brook.

But if the wench be thine, ſhe makes thy way;
And for thy ſake, her miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep all the council of thy faithful ſpy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.

All things the ſtations of their ſeaſons keep: *o*
And certain times there are to ſow and reap.
Ploughmen and ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the ſea:
So ſhou'd the lover wait the lucky day.
Then ſtop thy ſuit; it hurts not thy deſign:
But think another hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the public ſhows of *Rome*:
Know all thy viſits then are troubleſome.
Defer thy work and put not then to ſea, *p*
For that's a boding, and a ſtormy day.
Elſe take thy time, and when thou canſt, begin;
To break a *Jewiſh* ſabbath, think no ſin:
Nor ev'n on ſuperſtitious days abſtain,
Not when the *Romans* were at *Allia* ſlain.
Ill omens in her frowns are underſtood;
When ſhe's in humour, ev'ry day is good.
But than her birth-day ſeldom comes a worſe;
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of courſe;
And that's a bloody day, that coſts thy purſe.

Be

o 'Tis not eaſy to find out this propitious hour, eſpecially in the affair of love; and, to ſay truth, all depends on fortune, and certain conjectures that cannot be foreſeen. Yet 'tis requiſite a man ſhould do his utmoſt to find out the lucky minute.— *p* The original tells us what particular times and ſeaſons the lover ſhou'd avoid, as the calends of *March*, which the *Roman* women highly reverenc'd; at which time gallants never fail'd to ſend their miſtreſſes preſents. *q* The conſtellation of the goat, which another conſtellation called *Auriga*, carries on its ſhoulders; it riſes the month of *October*.

Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, no art remove;
They will be begging when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay.
To chuſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a penn'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line:
A little bill not to be paid at ſight;
(Now curſe the time when thou wert taught to write.)
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend the chear;
And ſhe'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs thee into coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is loſt.
They often borrow what they never pay?
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten months and tongues to tell each art,
All wou'd be weary'd e'er I told a part.

By letters, not by words, thy love begin; *p*
And ford the dang'rous paſſage with thy pen.

p The ancients uſed to write on a ſort of leaves or plates of ſeveral kinds, plaſter'd over with wax, before the invention of paper was found out, at leaſt of ſuch paper as ours; for 'tis well known they had the leaves of a certain plant called *Papyrus*, which were brought from *Ægypt*. 'Tis true the ancients had other ways of writing, as on ſkins called *Chartæ*, and that comes nearer our paper; but our paper is of another ſpecies.

If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by pray'rs did *Hector*'s body gain;
Nor is an angry god invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch;
For ev'n the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes a while her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapeſt way to give.
Ev'n barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment; leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it *gratis*; and ſhe'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herſelf into a marriage vow;
(And ev'ry cheat in love the gods allow.)
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of *Rome*;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:
Sweet words, the people and the ſenate move;
But the chief end of eloquence, is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts; q
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.

None

q That is, don't let your wit get the better of your paſſion; nor, as a modern poet did, court your miſtreſs with metaphyſics. Avoid affected learning, too many figures, and in

None but vain fools to ſimple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtyle your thoughts convey;
And write ſuch things, as preſent you wou'd ſay,
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read;
Yet hope, in time, the buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough ſhare, uſe will wear away,
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard; and yet
We ſee, ſoft water thro' hard marble eat.
Tho' late, yet *Troy* at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more, *Penelope* had tir'd.
Perhaps, thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter, there's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left, by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain;
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhou'd accord;
The jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.

Mean-time, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach; but do not ſeem to know ſhe's there.
Speak ſoftly, to delude the ſtanders-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If ſauntring in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that's a time for talk:

every thing that looks like art; for that is always ſuſpected in the affairs of love. Thoſe who wou'd write love letters ſhould not ſeek after flouriſhes, nor uſe ſounding words.

And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But when the croud permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the *Play-houſe* let her ſit alone:
For ſhe's the *Play-houſe*, and the *Play* in one.
There thou may'ſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the *play* the lover's pains.
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a fop; nor curl your hair, *r*
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To *Eunuchs*, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: This *Theſeus* found;
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.
The rough *Hyppolitus* was *Phædra*'s care;
And *Venus* thought the rude *Adonis* fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean;
And wear well-faſhion'd cloaths, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzel, and long beard beware;
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.
Cure your unſav'ry breath; gargle your throat:
And free your arm-pits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little, or too much:
And be not wholly *French* nor wholly *Dutch*.

Now

r The *Beaux* were not ſo well received by the ladies in *Ovid*'s time, as the men of wit and worth. The ſmell of a ram or goat is very rank, and from thoſe animals the proverb came.

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly rites : *s*
Who wou'd not follow, when a god invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires ;
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.

Fair *Ariadne*, wander'd on the ſhore, *t*
Forſaken now ; and *Theſeus* loves no more :
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair ;
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare :
Exclaiming, in the waters brink ſhe ſtood ;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face :
No poſture cou'd that heav'nly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt : The traytor's gone, ſaid ſhe,
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become—ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled in the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground ;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The *Mimallonian* dames about her ſtood ;
And ſcudding *Satyrs* ran before their god.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear ; *u*
And held upon the mane (the god was clear)
The drunken *ſire* purſues ; the dames retire ;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken *ſire*.
At laſt he topples over on the plain ;
The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him riſe again.
And now the god of wine came drawing on,
High on his chariot by ſwift *tygers* drawn. *x*

s Wine is favourable to lovers, inſpiring them at once with boldneſs and vigour.—*t* The poet tells what happened to *Ariadne* after *Theſeus* had forſaken her : *Bacchus* came, comforted and marry'd her.—*u* The nurſing father and pedagogue of *Bacchus*.—*x* 'Tis ſaid *Tygers* and *Lynxes* drew *Bacchus's* car,

Her colour, voice, and ſenſe forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like heads of corn, when tempeſts blow;
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the god — compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.
With heav'n I will endow the; and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar:
And guide on ſeas, the doubtful mariner.
He ſaid; and from his chariot leaping light;
Leſt the grim *tygers* ſhould the nymph affright.
His brawny arms around her waiſt he threw;
(For gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do:)
And ſwiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the *nuptial* ſong. *y*
Now in full bowls her ſorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.

But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by her ſide;
Invoke the god, and all the mighty pow'rs,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit prefer;
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name:
Which ſhe may read, and reading find thy flame.

Then

car, becauſe thoſe two ſorts of animals are wonderful lovers of wine, and eat grapes.—*y* It was an ancient cuſtom to ſing hymns of joy at weddings; which hymns were called *Epithalamiums* or *Hymeneans*, from a certain *Athenian* nam'd *Hymen*, who, as *Servius* reports, deliver'd maids from a terrible trouble, for which they us'd to invoke him when they marry'd, as the god who eas'd them of the burthen of their maidenheads.

Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires;
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires)
Whene'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the cup;
And where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to carving does her hand advance;
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy ſervice ev'n her huſband muſt attend: z
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend.)
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place;
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below, or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company;
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive thro' friendſhip's name:
But common tho' it be, 'tis ſtill to blame.
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray;
And to themſelves their maſter's gain convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt, *a*
For his rude riot, at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice: and ſhew your parts
In dancing, if endu'd with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power, to pleaſe;
Nay, ev'n affect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;

Clip

z This and the verſes that follow ſhew that *Ovid* did not mean very honeſtly, and the decree of the ſenate was obtain'd againſt him for this crime, as 'tis pretended, becauſe 'twas ſtrictly forbidden by the *Roman* laws to corrupt marry'd women, to prevent the abuſes which might happen in ſucceſſion, and the injuring another man, in taking from him what only belongs to himſelf.—*a Erythus* or *Eurition* was one of the *Centaurs*

Clip every word; and if by chance you ſpeak
Too home; or if too broad a jeſt you break;
In your excuſe the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.
True drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then ſafely you may praiſe her beauteous face;
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her huſband thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
But curſe the cuckold in your ſecret mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go;
Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now ſhe's in the vein, and fit for ſport.
Lay baſhfulneſs, that ruſtic virtue, bye; *b*
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now ſpeak and ſpeed, for *Venus* loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford: *c*
Only begin, and truſt the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover, let thy ſpeech abound
In dying words, that repreſent thy wound.
Diſtruſt not her belief; ſhe will be mov'd:
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Some-

taurs at *Pirithous*'s wedding, who got ſo drunk that he attempted to raviſh *Hippodomis* the bride; but *Theſus* knock'd him down with a bowl, and made him bring his wine up again with blood.——*b* Modeſty is a vice when it hinders us from doing any thing that is profitable to us.——*c* He talks of modeſty, and ſays, if the lover baniſhes it, he has no occaſion for eloquence; for love and fortune favour the bold.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jeſt;
And after, feels the torments he profeſt.
For your own ſakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd paſſion may a true prepare.
By flatt'ries we prevail on woman-kind;
As hollow banks by ſtreams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are ſweet:
Her taper fingers praiſe, and little feet.
Such praiſes ev'n the chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.

Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove*'s queen appear'd;
And ſtill they grieve that *Venus* was prefer'd.
Praiſe the proud peacock and he ſpreads his train:
Be ſilent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courſer in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promiſe, and devoutly ſwear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry god to bear.
Jove ſits above, forgiving with a ſmile,
The perjuries that eaſy maids beguile.
He ſwore to *Juno* by the *Stygian* lake:
Forſworn, he dares not an example make;
Or puniſh falſhood for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our int'reſt that the gods ſhould be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe they ſee;
And both reward, and puniſh equally.
Not that they live above like lazy drones,
Or kings below, ſupine upon their thrones:
Lead then your lives as preſent in their ſight;
Be juſt in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by might.
But 'tis a venial ſin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conſcience there.

On

On cheating nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane, and a deceitful kind.

'Tis ſaid, that *Ægypt* for nine years was dry,
Nor *Nile* did floods, nor heav'n did rain ſupply.
A foreigner at length inform'd the king, *c*
That ſlaughter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture bring.
The king reply'd, on thee the lot ſhall fall,
Be thou, my gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.
Thus *Phalaris*, *Perillus* taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death ſhou'd die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authoriſes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: Reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.
Fie, fie, you naughty man, are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles, but to be ſubdu'd by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt;
Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dullneſs, and a ſhameful part,
Perhaps ſhe calls it force; but if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.

The

c Buſiris, King of *Ægypt*, ſon of *Neptune* and *Libya*.

The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They wou'd be forc'd, ev'n to their own deſires.
They ſeem t' accuſe you, with a downcaſt ſight,
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart.
Fair *Phœbe* and her ſiſter did prefer, *d*
To their dull mates, the noble raviſher.

What *Deidamia* did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the telling o er.

When *Venus* had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair *Helen* had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at *Troy* receiv'd,
The *Trojans* joyful, while the *Grecians* griev'd:
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And *Greece* was arming in the cuckold's cauſe;
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Diſguis'd his ſex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What means *Æacides* to ſpin and ſew?
With ſpear and ſword in field thy valour ſhew!
And leaving this, the nobler *Pallas* know. *e*
Why doſt thou in that hand the diſtaff wield,
Which is more worthy to ſuſtain the ſhield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The ſame the fates for *Hector*'s thread aſſign?

Bran-

d Phœbe and *Ilara* were two daughters of *Leucippus*, both famous for their beauty. Their father promis'd them in marriage to *Idas* and *Lynceus*, but *Caſtor* and *Pollux* ſtole them away from him. *Idas* and *Lynceus* purſuing the raviſhers, *Caſtor* fell by the hand of *Lynceus*, and *Lynceus* was himſelf ſlain by *Pollux*: *Idas* running upon the latter, to revenge the death of his companion, was ſtruck to the ground by thunder at *Pollux*'s feet.—*e Minerva* or *Pallas* was not only the goddeſs of arms, but of arts and manufactures.

Brandiſh thy falchion in thy pow'rful hand,
Which can alone the pond'rous lance command.
In the ſame room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by her ſeeming ſex betray'd,
Cloſe to her ſide the youthful hero laid.
I know not how his courtſhip he began;
But, to her coſt, ſhe found it was a man.
'Tis thought ſhe ſtruggl'd, but withal 'tis thought
Her wiſh was to be conquer'd when ſhe fought.
For when diſclos'd, and haſt'ning to the field,
He laid his diſtaff down, and took the ſhield,
With tears her humble ſuit ſhe did preſer,
And thought to ſtay the grateful raviſher.
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part;
And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
She ſtrives by force her lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.
This is the ſex; they will not firſt begin,
But when compell'd are pleas'd to ſuffer ſin.
Is there, who thinks that women firſt would woo?
Lay by thy ſelf conceit, thou fooliſh beau.
Begin, and ſave their modeſty the ſhame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou may'ſt enjoy; ſhe waits for this:
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
Ev'n *Jove* himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love:
None of the nymphs did firſt ſollicit *Jove*.
But if you find your pray'rs encreaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend,

How

How many ſkittiſh girls have thus been caught?
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complection beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace to ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown;
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour, from the fair, compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion c wander'd in the woods for love,
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argu'd hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love avail;
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale.
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.

Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth and friendſhip in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou may'ſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, *Patroclus*, *d* by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.

c Orion fell in love with *Lymne*, but who ſhe was is not well known. *d Patroclus*, ſon of *Menœceus*, and grand-ſon of *Actor*, who having kill'd *Clytonymus*, ſon of *Amphidamas*, was baniſh'd his country, and came to *Phthia*, where he remain'd with *Peleus*, *Achilles*'s father, his kinſman. By this means he contracted a ſtrict friendſhip with *Achilles*, and accompany'd him

Nor *Pylades*, *e Hermione* embrac'd;
Ev'n *Phædra* to *Pirithous* ſtill was chaſte.
But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow;
Or, from the furzes, pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But would you ward the blow, beware your friend.
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your care begin.

Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds:
With various crochets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe,
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any ſoil; *f*
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in women-kind:
Diff'rent in face, in manners, and in mind.
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with ev'ry wind.
As changeful *Proteus* vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape.
A running ſtream, a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpoons, ſome with darts are ſtruck, *g*
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the hook:

So

him to the ſiege of *Troy*, where he was kill'd. *e Hermione*, daughter of *Menelaus* and *Helen*, who marry'd her couſin-german *Oreſtes*. *Pylades* was her huſband's friend, and therefore he would not offer to corrupt his wife. This prince was the ſon of *Strophius* king of *Phocis*. *f* A lover muſt comport himſelf variouſly, according to the various humours of women. *g* This gives us a various idea, and lively expreſſes, that women are to be caught ſeveral ways.

So turn thyſelf; and imitating them,
Try ſev'ral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem.
One rule will not for diff'rent ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
Then talk not bawdy to the baſhful maid;
Bug words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ign'rant girl of learning ſpeak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in *Greek*.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſhun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.

Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

OVID's ART of LOVE.

BOOK II.

NOW *Iö Pæan* ſing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated *Iös* fill the air:
The Prey is fall'n in my ſucceſsful toils,
My artful nets incloſe the lovely ſpoils.
My numbers now, ye ſmiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathleſs in renown.
With laſting fame my verſe ſhall be inroll'd,
And I preferr'd to all the bards of old.
Thus *Paris* from the warlike *Spartaus* bore
Their raviſh'd bride, to *Ida*'s diſtant ſhore.
Victorious *Pelops* thus in triumph drove
The vanquiſh'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.

Stay, eager Youth! your bark's but under ſail;
The diſtant port requires a proſp'rous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty's found,
And with my aid your artful paſſion crown'd:
The conqueſts our ſucceſsful conduct gain'd,
With art muſt be ſecur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatning danger lies.

If ever, *Cupid*, now indulgent prove;
O *Venus!* aid; thou charming queen of love!
Kind *Erato*, let thy auſpicious name
Inſpire the work, and raiſe my gen'rous flame.
The labour's great! a method I deſign
For love; and will the fetter'd god confine:
The god that roves the ſpacious world around,
In ev'ry clime, and diſtant region found;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard.
His gueſt from flight *Minos* inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring paſſage found.
Thus *Dædalus* her off-ſpring firſt confin'd,
Who, with a bull, in lewd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confeſs'd;
Big with a human bull, half man, half beaſt.
Said he, juſt *Minos*, beſt of human kind,
Thy mercy let a proſtrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native ſhores to fly,
Permit me, where I durſt not live, to die.
Inlarge my ſon, if you neglect my tears,
And ſhew compaſſion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the ſon, or let his ſire return!
Thus he implor'd, but ſtill implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he ſought, obtain.
Convinc'd at length; now, *Dædalus*, he cry'd,
Here's ſubject for thy art that's yet untry'd.
Minos the earth commands, and guards the ſea,
No paſs the land affords, the deep no way:
Heav'n's only free, we'll heav'n's auſpicious height
Attempt to paſs, where kinder fates invite;
Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight!
Miſfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Inſtruct our wit, and aid the lab'ring mind.

For

For who can credit men, in wild deſpair,
Shou'd force a paſſage thro' the yielding air?
Feathers for wings deſign'd the artiſt choſe,
And bound with thread his forming pinions cloſe:
With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finiſh'd wings his ſmiling off-ſpring views,
Admires the work, not conſcious of their uſe:
To whom the father ſaid, obſerve aright,
Obſerve, my ſon, theſe inſtruments of flight.
In vain the tyrant our eſcape retards,
The heav'ns he cannot, all but heav'n he guards:
Tho' earth and ſeas elude thy father's care,
Theſe wings ſhall waft us through the ſpacious air.
Nor ſhall my ſon celeſtial ſigns ſurvey,
Far from the radiant virgin take your way:
Or where *Bootes* the chilled north commands,
And with his falchion dread *Orion* ſtands;
I'll go before, me ſtill retain in ſight,
Where-e'er I lead, ſecurely make your flight.
For ſhould we upward ſoar too near the ſun,
Diſſolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run:
Or near the ſeas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will ſuffer by the ſteaming main.
A medium keep, the winds obſerve aright;
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds inſtruct their tender young:
The ſpreading wings then to his ſhoulders hound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilſt tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Eſſay'd their wings, and forth they launch'd in air:
Now his expanded plumes the artiſt plies,
Regards his ſon, and leads along the ſkies;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upward ſprings with joy.
The angler views them from the diſtant ſtrand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they paſt, and *Naxos* in their flight,
And *Delos*, with *Apollo*'s preſence bright.
Now on their right *Lebinthos* ſhores they found,
For fruitful lakes and ſhady groves renown'd.
When the aſpiring boy forgot his fears,
Raſh with hot youth and unexperienc'd years:
Upwards he ſoar'd, maintain'd a lofty ſtroke,
And his directing father's way forſook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings ſuſtain that blaze of ſun.
From heav'n he views the fatal depths below,
Whilſt killing fears prevent the diſtant blow.
His ſtruggling arms now no aſſiſtance find,
Nor poize the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and ſinking limbs ſuſtain;
His name invokes, till the expiring ſound
Far in the floods with *Icarus* was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And ſeeks the abſent youth on ev'ry ſhore:
Where's my lov'd ſon, my *Icarus!* he cries;
Say in what diſtant region of the ſkies,
Or faithleſs clime the *youthful* wand'rer flies!
Then view'd his pinions ſcatter'd o'er the ſtream,
The ſhore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Menos with walls attempted to detain
His flying gueſts, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd god ſhall to our rules ſubmit,
And *Cupid* yield to more prevailing wit.

Theſſalian arts in vain raſh lovers uſe,
In vain with drugs the ſcornful maid abuſe:

The

The ſkilfull'ſt potions ineffectual prove,
Uſeleſs are magic remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, *Circe* had prov'd her art,
And fond *Medea* fix'd her *Jaſon*'s heart.
Nor tempt with philters the diſdainful dame;
They rage inſpire, create a frantic flame:
Abſtain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your *paſſion* worthy of her love.
Diſtruſt your empty form and boaſted face,
The nymph ingage a thouſand nobler ways.
To fix her vanquiſh'd heart intirely thine,
Accompliſh'ſt graces to your nature join.
Beauty's but frail, a charm that ſoon decays,
Its luſtre fades as rolling years increaſe,
And age ſtill triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but ſhort-liv'd lilly ſhews,
And prickles that ſurvive the faded roſe.
Learn, lovely boy, be with inſtruction wiſe!
Beauty and youth miſ-ſpent are paſt adviſe.
Then cultivate thy mind with wit and *fame*,
Thoſe laſting charms *ſurvive* the fun'ral flame.

With arts and ſciences your breaſt improve,
Of high import are languages in love:
The fam'd *Ulyſſes* was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue:
And yet for him contending beauties ſtrove,
And ev'ry ſea-nymph ſought the hero's love.
Calypſo mourn'd when he forſook her ſhores,
And with fond waves detain'd his haſty oars.
Oft ſhe inquir'd of ruin'd *Ilium*'s fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate:
Which with ſuch grace his florid tongue could frame,
The ſtory ſtill was new, tho' ſtill the ſame.
Now ſtanding on the ſhores; again declare,
Calypſo cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.

He with a wand, a ſlender wand he bore:
Delineates ev'ry action on the ſhore.
Here's *Troy*, ſays he, then draws the walls in ſand,
There *Simois* flows, here my battalions ſtand.
A field there was, and then deſcribes the field,)
Where *Dolon*, with rewards deceiv'd, was kill'd.
Juſt thus intrench'd imagine *Rheſus* lies,
And here we make his warlike ſteeds our prize.
Much he deſcrib'd, when a deſtructive wave
Waſh'd off the ſlender *Troy*, and rolling gave
To *Rheſus* and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue ſhe heard,
The well-rais'd paſſion in her looks appear'd:
The goddeſs weeps to view his ſpreading ſails,
So much a ſoldier with the ſex prevails.
Diſtruſt thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There's more requir'd in love than empty ſhow.
With juſt diſdain ſhe treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaiſance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that ev'ry flock alarms:
But the mild ſwallow none with toils infeſts,
And none the ſoft *Chaonian* bird moleſts. *h*
Debates avoid, and rude contention ſhun;
A woman's with ſubmiſſive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd huſband ſwear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Diſcord and ſtrife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion juſtifies a clam'rous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only ſighs and wiſhes hear.

Con-

h Ovid make uſe of the particular for the general. *Chaonia* is part of *Epirus*, ſo call'd from the fate of *Chaon* a *Trojan*. There was a temple of *Dodonian Jupiter*, where doves diſpens'd the ſacred oracles with human voices.

Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and ſtill oblige her ſight.

I no inſtructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, *that preſents*, my uſeleſs art: *i*
The giving lover's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy ſing; tho' poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour ſtorms a ſtubborn damſel's door;
I'm cautious to affront, becauſe I'm poor:
With pleaſing arts I court, with arts poſſeſs;
Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in promiſes.
Enrag'd, I ruffl'd once *Corinna*'s hair,
Long was I baniſh'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this conſum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, ſhe vow'd, a ſuit of point I tore;
Falſly ſhe vow'd, but I muſt purchaſe more.
Make not your guilty maſter's crime your own,
But by my puniſhment my error ſhun.
Indecent fury from her ſight remove,
No paſſion let your miſtreſs know, but love.

Yet if the haughty nymph's unkind, and coy,
Or ſhuns your ſight; have patience, and enjoy.
By ſlow degrees we bend the ſtubborn bough;
What force reſiſts, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we ſtem a torrent's rapid force,
But ſwim with eaſe, complying with its courſe.
By gentler arts we ſavage beaſts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tygers tame.
Fiercely *Atlanta* o'er the foreſt rov'd, *k*
Cruel and wild, and yet at laſt ſhe lov'd. *Mela-*

i That is, riches will do all things, and intereſt eaſily gains a woman's heart, becauſe the ſex is generally covetous.
k The poet makes uſe of the example of *Atlanta*, to ſhew there's nothing ſo wild but may be made gentle.

Melanion long deplor'd his hopeleſs flame,
And weeping, in the woods purſu'd the ſcornful dame:
On his ſubmiſſive neck her toils he wore,
And with his miſtreſs chac'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the ſavage fair.
My ſoft injunctions leſs ſevere you'll find,
Eaſy to learn, and fram'd to ev'ry mind.
Her wiſhes never, nor her will withſtand;
Submit, you conquer; ſerve, and you'll command.
Her words approve, deny what ſhe denies,
Like where ſhe likes, and where ſhe ſcorns, deſpiſe.
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles; when ſad, diſſolve in tears;
Let ev'ry geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as women will, in play,
Her ſtakes return, your ready loſings pay.
When ſhe's at cards, or ratling dice ſhe throws, *l*
Connive at cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd miſtreſs every conqueſt gain.
In heat, with an umbrello ready ſtand; *m*
When walking, offer your officious hand:
Her trembling hands, tho' you ſuſtain the cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer boſom hold.
Think no inferior office a diſgrace,
No action, that a miſtreſs gains, is baſe.

The

l That there's nothing more difficult, than to explain the ancient gaming, eſpecially to make it any way agree with the modern. *m* They were commonly in uſe at the theatres or in walks, to keep off the heat of the ſun, the rain, and the wind. Sometimes they were made of feathers; for, according to moſt commentators, by *Virgil*, we muſt underſtand feathers ſew'd or otherwiſe faſten'd together. *Ovid* adviſes the lover not only to hold an umbrello over his miſtreſs, but to deſcend to meaner offices, to pull off, or put on her ſhoes or ſlippers.

The hero that eluded *Juno's* ſpight,
And ev'ry monſter overcame in fight;
That paſt ſo many bloody labours o'er,
And well deſerv'd that heav'n whoſe weight he bore; *n*
Amidſt *Ionian* damſels carding ſtands,
And graſps the diſtaff with obedient hands; *o*
In all commands the haughty dame obeys:
And who diſdains to act like *Hercules?*
If ſhe's at law, be ſure commend the laws,
Sollicit with the judge, or plead her cauſe.
With patience at the aſſignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er ſhe wants a meſſenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from ſupper ſhe's returning home,
And call's her ſervant, as a ſervant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horſe, why foot it down:
Let not the ſultry ſeaſon of the year,
The falling ſnows, or conſtant rains deter.
Love is a warfare, and ignoble ſloth
Seems equally contemptible in both;
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The ſoldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he's drench'd, with piercing tempeſt ſhakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame ſays that *Phœbus* kept *Admetus'* herd; *p*
And coarſly in an humble cottage far'd:

n Speaking of *Hercules*, who having learned aſtrology of *Atlas* king of *Mauritania*, as *Diodorus* ſays, the poets feign'd he hal'd the ſame *Atlas* to bear up the ſky. —*o* Speaking ſtill of *Hercules*, who for the love of *Omphale* us'd the diſtaff and baſket, according to the faſhion of the *Ionian* damſels. ——
——*p* That was, after he was degraded of his divinity, for the death of the *Cyclops*: Upon which he fled to *Theſſaly*, and ſubmitted to keep *Admetus* tce king's ſheep.

No ſervile offices the god deny'd;
Learn this ye lovers, and renounce your pride.

When all acceſs is to your miſtreſs hard,
When ev'ry door's ſecur'd, and window bar'd;
The roof untile, ſome deſp'rate paſſage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh how ſhe'll claſp you when the danger's o'er,
And value your deſerving paſſion more.
Thus thro' the boiſt'rous ſeas *Leander* mov'd,
Not to poſſeſs, but ſhew how much he lov'd.

Nor bluſhing think how low you condeſcend
To court her maids, and make each ſlave your friend:
Each by their names familiarly ſalute,
And beg them to promote your am'rous ſuit.
Perhaps a bribe's requir'd; your bounty ſhew,
And from your ſlender fortune part beſtow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid ſecures,
And when the favourite's gain'd, the fair is yours.
She'll add, to every thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praiſe.
When ſervants merry make, and feaſt and play, *q*
Then give her ſomething to keep holiday.
Regain 'em ev'ry one, the porter moſt,
And her who nightly guards the happy coaſt.

I no profuſe nor coſtly gifts commend,
But chuſe and time it well, whate'er you ſend.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural preſent bear:

Tell

q This has alluſion to a feſtival celebrated at *Rome* by the ſervants, in remembrance of a great piece of ſervice their predeceſſors had done the *Romans*, ſoon after the invaſion of the *Gauls*; the time of celebrating it was in *July*.

Tell her 'twas freſh, and from your manor brought,
Tho' ſtale, and in the ſuburb market bought.
The firſt ripe cluſter let your miſtreſs eat,
With cheſnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat:
Some larger fiſh, or choicer fowl preſent: *r*
They recommend your paſſion, where they're ſent.
'Tis with theſe arts the childleſs miſer's caught, *ſ*
Thus future legacies are baſely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curſt,
That practis'd them on love, and women firſt.

In tender ſonnets moſt your flame rehearſe,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verſe? *t*
Women a wealthy treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but coſtly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worſhip gold,
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty ſold.
Should *Homer* come with his harmonious train,
And not preſent, *Homer*'s turn'd out again.
Some of the ſex have ſenſe, their number's ſmall,
Moſt ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter alike, ſmooth empty ſtanzas ſend,
They ſeldom ſenſe, but ſound and rhime commend.
Shou'd you with art compoſe each poliſh'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine:

r *Ovid* names the bird. The turdi were our thruſhes, and *Martial* thought them one of the fineſt diſhes that could come to a table.—*ſ* Alluding to ſuch as flatter the rich, in hopes of being put in their wills for good legacies.—*t* Indeed what *Ovid* complains of in his time, may with much more reaſon be exclaim'd againſt now; for the muſes are not only neglected but deſpis'd. 'Tis too true, that learning of all ſorts is not in that eſteem which it was in *Auguſtus*'s days; and if there are a few men who write good books, there are fewer ſtill who read them.

Yet ſhe'll a treat, or worthleſs toy preſer
To all th' immortal poet's boaſted care.

But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With laſting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the ſubject of his praiſe.
Purple commend, when ſhe's in purple dreſt;
In ſcarlet, ſwear ſhe looks in ſcarlet beſt:
Array'd in gold her graceful mien adore,
Vowing thoſe eyes tranſcend the ſparkling ore.
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Tho' clad in crape, let homely crape delight.
In ſorted colours, praiſe a vary'd dreſs;
In night-cloaths, or commode, let either pleaſe.
Or when ſhe combs, or when ſhe curls her hair, *a*
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her ſtep admire,
Applaud when ſhe deſiſts, and ſtill deſire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raiſe,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praiſe.
Fierce as *Meduſa* tho' your miſtreſs prove,
Theſe arts will teach the ſtubborn beauty love.

Be cautious leſt you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocriſy with art:

Let

a They curl'd their hair with a bodkin, and ſometimes with a hot iron, as in our days; but they ſhew'd more of it, than 'tis the faſhion with our modern ladies. The next care *Ovid* recommends to the lover, is the complaiſance he is to obſerve towards his miſtreſs when ſhe is ſick. Alluding to a ceremony practis'd by the *Romans* of purifying the bed; an office which belong'd to the nurſe. And this was done with ſulphur and eggs; a ſort of religious worſhip, when vows were made for the health and reſt of the patient.

Let no falſe action give your words the lie,
For once deceiv'd ſhe's ever after ſhy.
In *Autumn* oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and ſhews the vintage near;
When ſultry heats, when colder blaſts ariſe,
And bodies languiſh with inconſtant ſkies:
If vicious heav'n infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood ſome fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care beſtow,
The bleſſings you expect to reap, then ſow.
Think nothing nauſeous in her loath'd diſeaſe,
But with your ready hand contrive to pleaſe:
Weep in her ſight, then fonder kiſſes give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her ſafety vow, but louder ſpeak,
Let the nymph hear the laviſh vows you make.
As health returns, ſo let your joys appear,
Oft ſmile with hope, and oft confeſs your fear.
This in her breaſt remains, theſe pleaſing charms
Secure a paſſage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauſeous to her taſte or ſight,
Officious only when you moſt delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated med'cines give;
Let her from rivals what ſhe loaths receive.

Thoſe proſp'rous winds that launch'd our bark from ſhore,
When out at ſea, aſſiſts its courſe no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give ſtrength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf when young; x
The lofty oak but from an acorn ſprung:

x This and the following ſimilies are taken from country affairs, which have an agreeable effect on this occaſion, when the poet ſpeaks of the tendency of every living thing to love.

From narrow ſprings the nobleſt currents flow,
But ſwell their floods, and ſpread them as they go.
Be converſant with love, no toils refuſe,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent uſe.
Still let her hear your ſighs, your paſſion view,
And night and day the flying maid purſue.
Then pauſe a while; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirſty ſoil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with *Demophoon* bleſs'd,
His abſence wounded moſt her raging breaſt:
Thus his chaſte conſort for *Ulyſſes* burn'd,
And *Laodamia* thus her abſent huſband mourn'd.
With ſpeed return, you're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may ſoon ſupply your place.
When *Sparta*'s prince was from his *Helen* gone. y
Could *Helen* be contentto lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her am'rous gueſt,
And nightly claſp'd him to her panting breaſt.
Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, truſt a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy ſheep:
Helen is guiltleſs, and her lover's crime
But what yourſelf would act another time.
The youth was preſſing, the dull huſband gone,
Let ev'ry woman make the caſe her own:
Who cou'd a prince, by *Venus* ſent, refuſe?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuſe.

But not the foaming boar whom ſpears ſurround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,

Nor

y *Menelaus* was then abſent in *Crete*, whither he and his brother *Agamemnon* went to divide the eſtate left them by their father *Atreus*.

Nor lioness, whose young receives the breast,
Nor viper by unwary footsteps prest;
Nor drunkard by th' *Aonian* god possest, *z*
Transcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and sword she flies, the frantic dame
Disdains the thought of tenderness or shame.
Her offspring's blood inrag'd *Medea* spilt, *a*
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.
And *Progne*'s unrelenting fury proves, *b*
That dire revenge pursues neglected loves.
Where sacred ties of honour are destroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers must avoid.
Think not my precepts constancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler's my design.
At large enjoy, conceal your passion well,
Nor use the modish vanity to tell:
Avoid presenting of suspected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your vary'd joys:
Desert the shades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conscious to a new amour.
The nymph, when she betrays, disdains your guilt,
And by such falsehood taught, she learns to jilt.
While with a wife *Atrides* liv'd content, *d*
Their loves were mutual, and she innocent:

But

z Aonia is taken here for *Bœotia*, of which *Thebes* was the capital, where *Bacchus* was born; and the fury that transports people when they are drunk, is very well compar'd to that of wild beasts and vipers.—*a Medea*, to be reveng'd of *Jason* for his inconstancy, murder'd her own children after they had lived together ten years with *Creon*, king of *Corinth*.—*b* Wife of *Tereus*, king of *Thrace*, who kill'd her own daughters, and presented them to her husband, because he had ravished her sister *Philomela*.—*d Agememnon*, son of *Atreus*, whose wife *Ovid* thinks would not have been so impudent, if he himself had

But when inflam'd with ev'ry charming face,
Her lewdneſs ſtill maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryſes, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful *Briſeis*, thy complaints ſhe heard,
And how his luſt the tedious war defer'd.
This tamely heard, but with reſentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous ſlave ſubdu'd:
With rage ſhe ſaw her own neglected charms,
And took *Ægiſthus* to her injur'd arms. *e*
To luſt and ſhame by his example led,
Who durſt ſo openly profane her bed.

What you conceal, her more obſerving eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny,
And boldly give her jealouſy the lie:
Not too ſubmiſſive ſeem, nor over kind;
Theſe are the ſymptoms of a guilty mind:
But no careſſes, no endearments ſpare,
Enjoyment paciſies the angry fair.

There are, that ſtrong provoking potions praiſe,
And nature with pernicious med'cines raiſe:
Nor drugs, nor herbs will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce them poiſ'nous all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with ſeeds of nettles join,
And clary ſteep in bowls of mellow wine: *f*

Ve-

had been conſtant, and had not raviſh'd *Briſeis* and *Caſſandra*.—*e Ægiſthus* the ſon of *Thyeſtes* and *Pelopeia*, his own daughter, kill'd his uncle *Atreus*, and his ſon *Agamemnon*, whoſe wife *Clytemneſtra* he had debauch'd, and was himſelf kill'd by her ſon *Oreſtes*, to revenge the death of *Agamemnon* his father.—*f* The quality of this plant is very hot, according to the ſeveral obſervations of *Dioſcorides*, and his commentator *Mathiolus*. As for the pepper, its nature is hot and dry.

Venus is moſt averſe to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites.
With fiſhes ſpawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with eringo's hot ſolacious root.
The goddeſs worſhip'd by th' *Erycian* ſwains,
Megara's white ſhallot, ſo faint, diſdains. *g*
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice. *h*
And leaves and apples of the pine infuſe.
Preſcribe no more, my muſe, nor med'cines give,
Beauty and youth need no provocative.

You that conceal'd your ſecret crimes, before,
Proclaim them now, now publiſh each amour.
Nor tax me with inconſtancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:
Now northern blaſts we court, now ſouthern gales:
And ev'ry point befriends our ſhifted ſails.
Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their ſteeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithleſs dame,
Secure from rivals ſhe neglects your flame.
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauſeates pleaſures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whoſe waſted ſtrength declines,
Converts to aſhes, and but faintly ſhines;

When

g Mount *Eryx* in *Scilly* was ſo call'd from *Eryx*, a ſon of *Venus*; who having taken a certain king call'd *Bulo* to her arms, had this child by him. He built a temple here to his mother, when he arriv'd to man's eſtate, who from thence had the name of *Erycinian*, or *Erycina*: We have made bold to uſe the word *Erycian* of *Eryx* for the ſake of the meaſure. —*h* Here *Ovid* certainly ſpeaks of a bulbous plant that grew in the territory of *Megara*, which was of a hot quality, and provocative. Alſo hen and partridge eggs. The kernels of the pine-apple and piſtachos are mention'd by the author, as provocatives; and *Pliny* obſerves, they ſtrengthen the reins.

When ſulphur's brought, the ſpreading flames return,
And glowing embers with freſh fury burn:
A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives deſire, and feeds her dying flames,
Oft make her jealous, give your fondneſs o'er,
And teaze her often with ſome new amour,
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleaſures bleſt,
Too great, too exquiſite to be expreſt:
That view'ſt the anguiſh of her jealous breaſt.
Whene'er thy guilt the ſlighted beauty knows,
She ſwoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft wou'd my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Aſſault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how ſhe'd weep, what piercing glances caſt!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at laſt.
Let not your miſtreſs long your falſhood mourn:
Neglected fondneſs will to fury turn.
But kindly claſp her in your arms again,
And on your breaſt her drooping head ſuſtain:
Whilſt weeping kiſs, amidſt her tears enjoy,
And with exceſs of bliſs her rage deſtroy.
Let her a while lament, a while complain,
Then die with pleaſure as ſhe dy'd with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She'll ſign a pardon in your active arms.

Firſt nature lay an undigeſted maſs,
Heaven, earth and ocean wore one common face:
Then vaulted heav'n was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd;
And *Chaos* was in beauteous forms diſpos'd;
The beaſts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to their floods the ſcaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpoliſh'd race:
Caves were their houſes, herbs their food and bed,
Whilſt each a ſavage from the other fled.

Love

Love firſt diſarm'd the fierceneſs of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unſkill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy:
They knew no courtſhip, no inſtructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bleſs'd the pleaſing wound.
The birds with conſorts propagate their kind,
And ſporting fiſh their finny beauties find:
In am'rous folds the wanton ſerpents twine,
Add dogs with their ſalacious females join.
The luſty bull delights his friſking dames,
And more laſcivious goat her male inflames,
Mares furious grow with love, their bound'ries force,
Plunging thro' waves to meet the neighing horſe.
Go on, brave youth, thy gen'rous vigour try,
To the reſenting maid this charm apply:
Love's ſoft'ning pleaſures ev'ry grief remove,
There's nothing that can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philters no redreſs you'll find,
But nature with your miſtreſs will be kind.
The love that's unconſtrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was falſe, but mine is ſure. *i*

Whilſt thus I ſung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great *Apollo*'s tuneful lyre:
His hand a branch of ſpreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he caſt diffuſive rays of light,
Confeſſing all the god to human ſight.

Thou

i An admirable phyſician, of whom *Homer* ſpeaks in the 2d *Iliad*. And *Diodorus* writes, that *Æſculapius* left two ſons, who were both phyſicians, and as famous as himſelf, *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, who accompany'd *Agamemnon* to the ſiege of *Troy*, and cur'd wounds almoſt to a miracle.

Thou maſter of laſcivious arts, he ſaid,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inſcrib'd in characters of gold,
This celebrated ſentence you'll behold.
Firſt know yourſelf; who to himſelf is known, *k*
Shall love with conduct, and his wiſhes crown.
Where nature has a handſome face beſtow'd,
Or graceful ſhape, let both be often ſhew'd:
Let men of wit and humour ſilence ſhun,
The artiſt ſing, and ſoldier bluſter on:
Of long harangues ye eloquent take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works thou teazing poet read.
Thus *Phœbus* ſpake: A juſt obedience give,
And theſe injunctions from a god receive.

I myſteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wiſe.
The thriving grain in harveſt often fails,
Oft proſp'rous winds turn adverſe to our ſails:
Few are the pleaſures, tho' the toils are great;
With patience muſt ſubmiſſive lovers wait.
What hares on *Athos*, bees on *Hybla* feed, *l*
Or berries on the circling ivy breed?
As ſhells on ſandy ſhores, as ſtars above,
So num'rous are the ſure fatigues of love.
The lady's gone abroad, you're told; tho' ſeen,
Diſtruſt your eyes, believe her not within.

Her

k This was a ſaying of *Chilo* the *Lacedæmonian*, who was one of the ſeven wiſe men of *Greece*. *Pliny* mentions him; and this ſaying was ſo highly eſteem'd, that 'twas written in letters of gold in the temple at *Delphos*.—*l* *Athos* is a mountain in *Macedonia*, or *Thrace*, according to *Stephanus*; which *Xerxes*, as *Pliny* tells us, divided 1500 paces from the continent; 'tis ſo high, that its top is above the region of the clouds.

Her lodgings on the promis'd night are cloſe,
Reſent it not, but on the earth repoſe.
Her maid will cry with an inſulting tone,
What makes you ſaunter here? you ſot begone.
With moving words the cruel nymph intreat;
And place your garland on the bolted gate.

Why do I light and vulgar precepts uſe?
A nobler ſubject now inſpires my muſe;
Approaching joys I ſing, ye youths draw near,
Liſten ye happy lovers, and give ear:
The labour's great, and daring is my ſong.
Labours and great attempts to love belong.
As from the ſacred oracles of *Jove*,
Receive theſe grand myſterious truths in love.
Look down when ſhe the ogling ſpark invites,
Nor touch the conſcious tablets when ſhe writes.
Appear not jealous, tho' ſhe's much from home,
Let her at pleaſure go, unqueſtion'd come.
This crafty huſbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when ſhe's engag'd, to wink at it.
I my own frailties modeſtly confeſs;
And bluſhing, give thoſe precepts I tranſgreſs.
Shall I, with patience, the known ſignal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What, tamely ſuffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to uſe my hands or tongue!
Corinna's huſband kiſs'd her in my ſight;
I beat the ſaucy fool, and ſeiz'd my right.
I, like a fury, for my nymph engage,
And like a mad-man, when I miſs her, rage.
My paſſion ſtill prevails convinc'd I yield!
He that ſubmits to this is better ſkill'd.

Expoſe not, tho' you find her guilty flame,
Leſt ſhe abandon modeſty and ſhame:

Conceal her faults, no ſecret crimes upbraid;
Nothing's ſo fond as a ſuſpected maid.
Diſcover'd love increaſes with deſpair,
When both alike the guilt and ſcandal ſhare:
All ſenſe of modeſty they loſe in time,
Whilſt each encourages the other's crime.

In heav'n this ſtory's fam'd above the reſt,
Amongſt th' immortal drolls a ſtanding jeſt:
How *Vulcan* two tranſgreſſing lovers caught,
And ev'ry god a pleas'd ſpectator brought.
Great *Mars* for *Venus* felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name:
To his deſires the queen of love inclin'd;
No nymph in heav'n's ſo willing, none ſo kind.
Oft the laſcivious fair, with ſcornful pride,
Would *Vulcan*'s foot, and ſooty hands deride:
Yet both with decency their paſſion bore,
And modeſtly conceal'd the cloſe amour.
But by the ſun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what eſcapes the ſun's obſerving rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his diſgrace.
Ah fooliſh ſun! and much unſkill'd in love,
Thou haſt an ill example ſet above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She'll gratefully oblige you ev'ry way:
The crafty ſpouſe around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and ſecret ſnares;
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met, *m*
And naked were expos'd in *Vulcan*'s net.

The

m Lemnos, as the poet ſays, an iſland in the *Ægean* ſea, over-againſt mount *Athos*, according to *Pliny*. *Ephæſtia* and *Myrine* were two cities in it, in ancient times, whither, during the ſolſtice, the mountain uſed to ſend its ſhade.

The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And ſcarce from tears the queen of love refrains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To ſurly *Mars* a gay ſpectator ſaid,
Why ſo uneaſy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains; I'll freely come
For your releaſe, and ſuffer in your room.
At length, kind *Neptune*, freed by thy deſires,
Mars goes for *Crete*, to *Paphos* ſhe retires, *n*
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires;
Now converſant with infamy and ſhame,
They ſet no bounds to their licentious flame.
But honeſt *Vulcan*, what was thy pretence,
To act ſo much unlike a god of ſenſe?
They ſin in public, you the ſhame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increaſe with puniſhment.
Tho' in your power, a rival ne'er expoſe,
Never his intercepted joys diſcloſe: *o*
This I command, *Venus* commands the ſame,
Who hates the ſnares ſhe once ſuſtain'd with ſhame.

What impious wretch will *Ceres'* rites expoſe, *p*
Or *Juno*'s ſolemn myſteries diſcloſe!
His witty torments *Tantalus* deſerves, *q*
That thirſts in waves, and viewing banquets ſtarves.

n Paphos is a city in *Cyprus*, conſecrated to *Venus*.—*o* He means intercepting a rival's letter, and diſcovering the contents. To intercept letters, and divulge a ſecret, was a crime puniſhable by the laws, by baniſhment, or interdiction of fire and water, by which was underſtood exile.—*p* This is a ſimile, and ſhews us, 'twas not lawful to reveal the myſteries of *Cretes*.—*q* He proves by the example of *Tantalus*, that no man ſhould reveal ſecrets. *Tantalus*, ſo *Diadorus* tells us, was the ſon of *Jupiter* and the nymph *Plota*, equally rich and re-

But *Venus* moſt in ſecrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her ſilent rites!
No pomp her myſteries attends, no noiſe,
No ſounding braſs proclaims the latent joys!
With folded arms the happy pair poſſeſs,
Nor ſhould the fond betraying tongue confeſs
Thoſe raptures, which no language can expreſs.
When naked *Venus* caſts her robes aſide,
The parts obſcene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beaſts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide:
Love darkneſs courts, at moſt a glimm'ring light,
To raiſe our joys, and juſt oblige the ſight.
E'er happy men beneath the roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and ſhade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modeſt, and unſhaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And ſecretly perform'd what love inſpir'd.
Now ſcarce a modiſh ſop about the town,
But boaſts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taſte no pleaſure, reliſh no delight,
Till they recount what paſs'd the happy night.
But men of honour always thought it baſe,
To proſtitute each kinder nymph's embrace;
To blaſt her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furniſh ſcandal for a lewd lampoon.

And

renown'd. He dwelt in *Paphlagonia*, and was favour'd by the gods for the dignity of his birth; but having been told ſome of their ſecrets, and divulging them to mortals, he was thrown into hell for his crime, where his puniſhment was what *Ovid* tells us.

And here I muſt ſome guilty arts accuſe,
And diſingenuous ſhifts that lovers uſe,
To wrong the chaſte, and innocent abuſe.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtſhip vain,
Her character with infamy they ſtain:
Deny'd her perſon, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public ſhame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let ev'ry door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The ſuff'ring nymph remains expos'd to wrong,
Her name's a proſtitute to ev'ry tongue;
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wiſhes true, believe.

With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults ſeem like a lover blind.
Naked *Andromeda* when *Perſeus* view'd,
He ſaw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet ſome report
Her *Hector* was ſo blind, he thought her ſhort.
At firſt what's nauſeous, leſſens by degrees.
Young loves are nice, and difficult to pleaſe.
The infant plant that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with ev'ry breath of wind:
But ſhooting upward to a tree at laſt,
It ſtems the ſtorm, and braves the ſtrongeſt blaſt.
Time will defects and blemiſhes indear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unuſual ſcents at firſt may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquiſh'd ſenſe.
Her vices ſoften with ſome kinder phraſe;
If ſhe is ſwarthy as the negro's face, *r*
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praiſe,

r The *Greeks* called the people who lived above *Macedonia*

The ruddy laſs muſt be like *Venus* fair,
Or like *Minerva* that has yellow hair.
If pale and meagre, praiſe her ſhape and youth,
Active when ſmall, when groſs ſhe's plump and ſmooth,
Ev'ry exceſs by ſoft'ning terms diſguiſe.
And in ſome neighb'ring virtue hide each vice.

Nor aſk her age, conſult no regiſter,
Under whoſe reign ſhe's born, or what's the year!
If fading youth chequers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace ſublimer joys are found,
A fruitful ſoil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilſt youth and pleaſures laſt,
Age hurries on, and death purſues too faſt.
Or plough the ſeas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the ſword in thy advent'rous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous ſtrength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleaſures and wealth reward thy pleaſing pains,
The labour's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And ſtill preſerve them in their charming prime
In vary'd ways they act the pleaſure o'er,
Not pictur'd poſtures can inſtruct you more. *ſ*

They

nia and *Thrace*, as far as *Chaonia* and *Theſprotus* to the *Danube*, *Illyrians*, according to *Appian*; which name was given them from *Illyrius* the ſon of *Polyphemus* and *Galatea*.—
ſ He ſpeaks of obſcene pictures repreſenting nudities, and different poſtures. There are too many of theſe infamous paintings in our own time, and 'tis pity the uſe of ſnuff has given occaſion to introduce them into ſome companies, where ſuch things ſhould be held in deteſtation.

They want no courtſhip to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment when the willing dame *t*
Glows with deſires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the ſoft tranſporting joys,
The frequent ſighs, the tender murm'ring voice:
To ſee her eyes with vary'd pleaſures move,
And all the nymph confeſs the pow'r of love.
Nature's not thus indulgent to the young,
Theſe joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl, and ſprightly juice refine,
Mellow their ſweets, and make the taſte divine.
To *Helen* who'd *Hermione* preſer;
Or *Gorge* think beyond her mother fair:
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.

One conſcious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire, my muſe; the door demands thy care. *u*
What charming words, what tender things are ſaid,
What language flows without thy uſeleſs aid!
There ſhall the roving hand employment find,
Inſpire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind.
Thus *Hector* did *Andromache* delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight,

When

t From this and the following verſes we may perceive our poet abhor'd the gallantry too much practis'd among the *Romans* then, and *Italians* now, as well as in the eaſtern countries.—*u Ovid*, who was advanc'd a little too far, checks his muſe, and bids her give back. He tells his muſe here, ſo every man ſhould tell himſelf, even in the moſt excellent things; when we are arrived at a certain point, we ſhould abſtain from ſaying any more, we ſhould enjoy the charms of philoſophy retir'd, and by ourſelves.

When weary from the field *Achilles* came,
Thus with delays he rais'd *Briſeis'* flame,
Ah, could thoſe arms, thoſe fatal hands delight!
Inſpire kind thoughts, and raiſe thy appetite!
Coud'ſt thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?

Nor yet with ſpeed the fleeting pleaſures waſte,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haſte:
The baſhful virgin, tho' appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and hugs the proffer'd joy.
Then view her eyes with humid luſtre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye ſhe charms, and wounds the liſt'ning ear.
Defer not then the claſping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raiſe to her heights the tranſports of your ſoul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Obſerve theſe precepts when with leiſure bleſt,
No threat'ning fears your private hours moleſt;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager ſpeed the haſty joy.
Then ply your oars, then practiſe this advice,
And ſtrain, with whip and ſpur, to gain the prize.

The work's compleat, triumphant palms prepare,
With flow'ry wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the *Greeks* was *Podalirius'* art,
To heal with med'cines the afflicted part:
Neſtor's advice, *Achilles* arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving ſkill'd;
As *Calchas* cou'd explain the myſtic bird, *u*
And *Telamon* cou'd wield the brandiſh'd ſword:

Such

u Calchas was the ſon of *Theſtor*, as *Homer* writes in his firſt

Such to the town my fam'd inſtructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love.
Me ev'ry youth ſhall praiſe, extoll my name,
And o'er the globe diffuſe my laſting fame.
I arms provide againſt the ſcornful fair,
Thus *Vulcan* arm'd *Achilles* for the war,
Whatever youth ſhall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his *Amazon* in triumph home; *x*
Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his inſtructed flame,
Inſcribe the ſpoils with my auſpicious name.

The tender girls my precepts next demand,
Them I commit to a more ſkilful hand.

firſt Iliad, famous for his ſkill in the art of divination, which he learnt of *Apollo*. He accompanied the *Greeks* to the ſiege of *Troy*, tho' he was himſelf a *Trojan*, if we may believe *Dictys Cretenſis*; but, ſays he, 'twas by *Apollo*'s order. And *Servius* informs us, that finding *Mopſus* excell'd him in his own art, he dy'd of grief.—*x* This he ſpeaks by way of metaphor for ſome lady hard to be overcome.

END of the SECOND BOOK.

OVID's

OVID's ART of LOVE.

BOOK III.

THE men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
Both ſexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty love determine which ſhall yield.
Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to ſhew
Unequal force againſt a naked foe:
No glory from ſuch conqueſt can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave diſdain'd.

But, ſome exclaim, what frenſy rules your mind?
Would you encreaſe the craft of woman-kind!
Teach them new wiles and arts! as well you may
Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey.
But ſure too hard a cenſure they purſue,
Who charge on all, the failings of a few.
Examine, firſt, impartially each fair,
Then, as ſhe merits, or condemn, or ſpare.
If *Menelaus*, and the king of men, *a*
With juſtice, of their ſiſter-wives complain;

If

a Agamemnon and *Menelaus*, two brothers, marry'd two ſiſters, *Clytemneſtra* and *Helena*, daughters of *Tyndarus* king of *Lacedæmon*.

If falſe *Eriphyle* forſook her faith, *b*
And for reward procur'd her huſband's death;
Penelope was loyal ſtill, and chaſte *c*
Tho' twenty years her lord in abſence paſs'd.
Reflect how *Laodamia*'s truth was try'd,
Who, tho' in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To ſhare her huſband's fate, untimely dy'd. *d*
Think how *Alceſtis*' piety was prov'd, *e*
Who loſt her life to ſave the man ſhe lov'd.
Receive me, *Capaneus*, *Evadne* cry'd; *f*
Nor death itſelf our nuptials ſhall divide:
To join thy aſhes, pleas'd I ſhall expire,
She ſaid, and leap'd amid'ſt the fun'ral fire.

Vir-

b *Eriphyle*, daughter of *Talaon* king of *Argos*, and wife of *Amphiarus*, being covetous of a gold chain, which *Venus* had given *Hermione*, and which *Polynice*'s wife had receiv'd as a preſent from that unfortunate prince, he gave it her on condition ſhe oblig'd her huſband to go to the *Theban* war, in which he knew he would periſh; and ſhe prevail'd with him to go. This princeſs being thus the occaſion of her huſband's death, is often repreſented as an inſtance of the falſhood and vanity of the ſex.—*c* *Penelope*, daughter of *Icarus* and *Polycaſta*. Her chaſtity is often mentioned to the reputation of the fair.—*d* *Proteſilaus*, *Laodamia*'s huſband, was the firſt *Greek* that was killed in the *Trojan* war, to which he went with 40 ſhips; as *Homer* tells us in his 2d *Iliad*. When his wife *Laodamia*, *Acaſtus*'s daughter, heard the news, ſhe paſſionately deſired to ſee his ghoſt; which being granted her by the gods, ſhe embrac'd it ſo cloſely that ſhe periſh'd in its embraces.—*e* *Alceſtis*, *Admetus*'s wife, who offer'd to die to lengthen her huſband's life.—*f* There were three famous ladies of this name. The firſt daughter of *Neptune* and *Pilanes*, who was bred upon the banks of the *Eurotas*. The ſecond was daughter of King *Pelias*, whom *Jaſon* gave in marriage to *Oeneus*, ſon of *Cephalus*, king of the *Phoceans*; and the third, daughter of *Iphias*. She marry'd *Capaneus*, who ſignaliz'd himſelf in the *Theban* war, of which the poet ſpeaks here.

Virtue her ſelf a goddeſs we confeſs, g
Both female in her name and in her dreſs;
No wonder then, if to her ſex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But theſe exalted ſouls exceed the reach
Of that ſoft art, which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little ſail.
Of ſportful loves I ſing, and ſhew what ways
The willing nymph muſt uſe, her bliſs to raiſe,
And how to captivate the man ſhe'd pleaſe.
Woman is ſoft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain love's dart:
Man has a breaſt robuſt, and more ſecure,
It wounds him not ſo deep, nor hits ſo ſure.
Men oft are falſe; and, if you ſearch with care,
You'll find leſs fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithleſs *Jaſon* from *Medea* fled,
And made *Creuſa* partner of his bed.
Bright *Ariadne*, on an unknown ſhore
The abſence, perjur'd *Theſeus*, did deplore.
If then the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, *Theſeus*, to thy care.
Enquire the cauſe, and let *Demophoon* tell,
Why *Phyllis* by a fate untimely fell. h

g She was repreſented at *Rome* in a woman's habit, and a temple and altars were dedicated to her. The poet vindicates the ſex by this ſaying in a very high degree, as if virtue, by being a goddeſs, was more the ladies than the mens.—h *Phyllis*, daughter of *Lycurgus* king of *Thrace*, deſpairing of the return of *Demophoon* ſon of *Theſeus*, to whom ſhe had granted her laſt favours, was about to hang herſelf; when as the fable ſays, the gods in compaſſion to her, turn'd her to an almond tree without leaves: *Demophoon*, ſometime after

this

Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea.
Her sad the fading trees consent to mourn,
And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.

The prince so far for piety renown'd,
To thee *Eliza*, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languishing with grief,
His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love, of itself, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful art perpetuates desire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by *Venus* been reveal'd.

Before my sight the *Cyprian* goddess shone,
And thus she said; *what have poor women done?*
Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd;
On ev'ry side, by men well arm'd, enclos'd?
Twice are the men instructed by the muse,
Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
The bard who injur'd Helen *in his song,*
Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
And you, if on my favour you depend,
The cause of women, while you live, defend.

This

this returning, went and embraced his metamorphosed mistress, and the tree afterwards put forth leaves, *nine times*, to shew that she as often went to the sea-side, expecting to meet him.—The poet *Stesichorus*, on whose lips a nightingale sung when he was a child, a sure prognostic of his being a famous poet. *i Pliny* writes this of him. We wrote a bitter satyr against *Helen*, for which her brothers *Castor* and *Pollux* plucked out his eyes; but some time after he was restored to his sight, having recanted in his *Palinodia*, a poem quite contrary to the former.

This said, a myrtle spring, which berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore.)
The gift received, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind, *k*
Ev'n now in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age nor waste your time:
Now, while you may, and rip'ning years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight.
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide:
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide.
Think not, *hereafter* will the loss repay;
For ev'ry morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vy'd with the blushing morn. *l*
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see how leaf-less now, and how decay'd!
And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flow'rs.
Then nightly knockings at your doors will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.

Alas, how soon a clear complexion fades!
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!

k 'Tis certain that none can make too much haste to acquire the good graces of philosophy and fine learning; for which youth, genius, and the strength of maturity are necessary. —— *l* When a fair lady has out liv'd her charms, who will be at the pains of breaking her windows or doors out of rage or despair? The second verse alludes to a piece of gallantry in use among the *Roman* lovers, to strew flowers before the doors of their mistresses.

And what avails it, tho' the fair one ſwears
She from her infancy had ſome grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The ſnake his ſkin, the deer his horns may caſt,
And both renew their youth and vigour paſs'd;
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age, without reprieve.
Then crop the flow'r which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its ſtalk muſt die.
Beſides, the tender ſex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too ſoon will youth impair:
Continual harveſt wears the fruitful field,
And earth itſelf decays, too often till'd.
Thou didſt not, *Cynthia*, ſcorn the *Latmian* ſwain; *m*
Nor thou, *Aurora*, *Cephalus* diſdain;
The *Paphian* queen, who, for *Adonis*' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Hath not been found inexorable ſince;
Witneſs *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* prince *n*
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like 'em love.
Refuſe not thoſe delights which men require,
Nor let your lovers languiſh with deſire.
Falſe tho' they prove, what loſs can you ſuſtain?
Thence let a thouſand take, 'twill all remain.
Tho' conſtant uſe, ev'n flint and ſteel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.

Who

m Endymion, with whom, according to that fable, the moon fell in love, and deſcended to converſe with him on mount *Latmos* in *Caria*; becauſe, as *Pliny* ſays, he was the firſt who obſerv'd the motion of that planet.— *n Harmonia* or *Hermione*, daughter of *Mars* and *Venus*, was marry'd to *Cadmus*. *Diodorus* who calls her *Hæmonia*, makes her the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Electra*, but agrees that ſhe was *Cadmus*'s wife.

Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
Still women loſe, you cry, if men obtain:
What do they loſe, that's worthy to retain?
Think not this ſaid to proſtitute the ſex,
But undeceive whom needleſs fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle breeze ſupplies our ſail,
Now launch'd to ſea, we aſk a briſker gale,
And, firſt, we treat of dreſs. The well-dreſs'd vine
Produces plumpeſt grapes, and richeſt wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the ſex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, tho' heav'nly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women ſlighted dreſs,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it leſs.
If *Hector*'s ſpouſe was clad in ſtubborn ſtuff, *o*
A ſoldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to ſhield his ample breaſt, provides
Seven luſty bulls, and tan'd their ſturdy hides;
And might not he d'ye think, be well careſs'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dreſs'd?
With rude ſimplicity *Rome* firſt was built,
Which now we ſee adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt,
This capitol with that of old compare;
Some other *Jove* you'd think was worſhip'd there.
That lofty pile where ſenates dictate law, *p*
When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with ſtraw:

o Andromache is always repreſented as a plain ſort of a woman.—*p* The capitol was a hill in *Rome*, ſo call'd from a man's head which was found there as the *Romans* were digging the foundation of the temple of *Jupiter*.—*q Varro* writes, there

And where *Apollo's* fane refulgent ſtands, *r*
Was heretofore a tract of paſture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern pleaſe, as more polite.
Not, that materials now in gold are wrought,
And diſtant ſhores for orient pearls are ſought:
Nor for that hills exhauſt their marble veins,
And ſtructures riſe whoſe bulk the ſea reſtrains:
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And poliſhed from the ruſt of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroid'ry, or brocade appear;
Too rich a dreſs may ſometimes check deſire,
And cleanlineſs more animate love's fire.
The hair diſpos'd, may gain or loſe a grace,
And much-become, or miſ-become the face.
What ſuits your features, of your glaſs enquire,
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long ſhou'd part and flat the hair,
Leſt, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
So *Laodamia* dreſs'd. A face too round
Shou'd ſhew the ears, and with a tow'r be crown'd,
On either ſhoulder, one, her locks diſplays;
Adorn'd like *Phœbus*, when he ſigns his lays:
Another, all her treſſes ties behind;
So dreſs'd *Diana* hunts the fearful hind.
Diſhevell'd locks moſt graceful are to ſome;
Others, the binding fillets more become:
Some plate, like ſpiral ſhells, their braded hair,
Others, the looſe and waving curl prefer.

But,

there were two ſorts of courts in the capitol; one for the deliberating ſacred matters, and the other for affairs of ſtate.—
r Meaning the temple *Auguſtus* built near his palace, and joining to the famous library of *Greek* and *Latin* books which *Propertius* well deſcribes.

But, to recount the ſeveral dreſſes worn, *s*
Which artfully each ſev'ral face adorn,
Were endleſs, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beaſts on *Alpine* hills, or *Hybla*'s bees.
Many there are, who ſeem to ſlight all care,
And with a pleaſing negligence enſnare;
Whole mornings, oft, in ſuch a dreſs are ſpent,
And all is art, that looks like accident.
With ſuch diſorder *Iö* was grac'd,
When great *Alcides* firſt the nymph embrac'd.
So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus*' bed,
When with the conqueror from *Crete* ſhe fled.

Nature, indulgent to the ſex, repays
The loſſes they ſuſtain, by various ways.
Men ill ſupply thoſe hairs they ſhed in age, *u*
Loſt like autumnal leaves, when north winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks diſguiſe, *x*
And art gives colour which with nature vyes:
The well-wove tow'rs they wear, their own are thought,
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they bluſh to buy heads ready dreſs'd,
And chuſe, at public ſhops, what ſuits 'em beſt.

Coſtly

s By this we perceive the *Roman* ladies were as fond of faſhions, as the *French*, or the *Engliſh*, too much their imitators.— *t Iöle*, daughter of *Eurytus* king of *Occhalia*, and *Hercules*'s wife. He took her from her father by force, becauſe the king wou'd not conſent to it, when he return'd from *Ætolia*, where he had marry'd *Deianira*.— *u Pliny* obſerves that women rarely ſhed their hair, eunochs not at all; and no body, if we may believe him, neither on the hind part of the heads, nor about their temples and ears; for there is no animal that turns bald, except man.— *x* They dy'd their hair with the juice of herbs, according to the faſhion of the *Germans*.

Coſtly apparel let the fair one ſly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the *Tyrian* dye, *y*
What folly muſt in ſuch expence appear,
When more becoming colours are leſs dear?
One, with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, thro' air ſerene, the ſky we view.
With yellow luſtre ſee another ſpread,
As if the golden fleece compos'd the thread. *z*
Some of the ſea-green wave the caſt diſplay;
With this, the nymphs their beautious forms array;
And ſome, the ſaffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the bluſhing morn.
Of myrtle-berries, one, the tincture ſhews;
In this, of amethyſts, the purple glows,
And that, more imitates, the paler roſe.
Nor *Thracian* cranes forget, whoſe ſilv'ry plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the cheſnut dye diſclaim,
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.
As fields you find, with various flow'rs o'erſpread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's froſt is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirſty wool imbibes the dye.
Try ev'ry one, what beſt becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the ſkin, black may become it beſt,
In black the lovely fair *Briſeis* dreſs'd.

If

mans, who make uſe of certain herbs to black their hair, or dye them of any other colour, to diſguiſe their age, and appear young.—*y* The *Tyrian* ſcarlet was the fineſt dye in the world.—The colour like that of *Phryxus*'s ram. *z* He was the ſon of *Athamas* king of *Thebes*, and to avoid the anger of *Ino*, his mother in law, fled with his ſiſter *Hele* upon a ram with a golden fleece. His ſiſter tumbling into the ſea, gave it the name of *Heliſpont*, but he arriving at *Cholcos* ſacrific'd the ram to *Mars*, who plac'd it in the zodiack, and hung up his gol-

den

If brown the nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
Andromeda ſo charm'd the wondring fight.

I need not warn you of too pow'rful ſmells,
Which, ſometimes health, or kindly heat expels,
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The caſual growth of all unſeemly hair.
Tho' not to nymphs of *Caucaſus* I ſing, *b*
Nor ſuch who taſte remote the *Myſian* ſpring;
Yet, let me warn you, that thro' no neglect,
You let your teeth diſcloſe the leaſt defect.
You know the uſe of *white* to make you fair,
And how, with *red*, loſt colour to repair;
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And ſkin when wanting, o'er a ſcar extend.
Nor need the fair one be aſham'd, who tries,
By art, to add new luſtre to her eyes.

A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preſerve the face, and how repair,
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May ſee, what pains to pleaſe 'em I've employ'd.
But, ſtill beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Tho' art aſſiſts, yet muſt that art be hid,
Leſt, whom it would invite, it ſhould forbid.
Who would not take offence, to ſee a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted greaſe?

And

den fleece in the temple, conſecrating it to *Mars*, under the keep ng of the dragon.— *b Caucaſus* is a mountain which ſtretches itſelf from the *Eaſt-Indies* to mount *Taurus*, and goes by ſeveral names, according as 'tis inhabited by ſeveral nations; but being always cover'd with ſnow in ſome places, 'tis call'd *Caucaſus*, which in the oriental ſignifies white, as *Ptolemy* witneſſes.

And tho' your unguents bear the *Athenian* name,
The wool's unſav'ry ſcent is ſtill the ſame,
Marrow of ſtags, nor your *Pomatums* try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the ſight.
Ev'n *Myro*'s ſtatutes, which for art ſurpaſs[c]
All others, once were but a ſhapeleſs maſs;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unſhorn.
Think, how that ſtone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect *Venus* ſhews to view.
While we ſuppoſe you ſleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from obſervers, in ſome ſecret place:
And the laſt hand, before yourſelves you ſhew;
Your need of art, why ſhould your lover know?
For many things, when moſt conceal'd are beſt:
And few of ſtrict enquiry bear the teſt.
Thoſe figures which in theatres are ſeen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no ſpectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finiſh'd, which allures the eye.

Yet, I muſt own, it oft affords delight
To have the fair one comb her hair in ſight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her ſhoulders ſpread.
But let her look, that ſhe with care avoid
All fretful humours, while ſhe's ſo employ'd;
Let her not ſtill undo, with peeviſh haſte,
All that her woman does; who does her beſt.

[c] *Pliny* writes there were two famous ſtatuaries of this name; one a *Lycian*, *Polycletes*'s diſciple, who flouriſhed in the 87th *Olympiad*; the other a native of *Eleuthera*, *Agelades*'s diſciple, who made that admirable brazen cow, of which ſo much is ſaid, and ſeveral other pieces of ſculpture which are mightily prais'd by antiquity.

I hate a vixon, that her maid aſſails,
And ſcratches, with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears muſt mourn,
And her heart curſes, what her hands adorn.

Let her who has no hair, or has but ſome,
Plant centinels before her dreſſing-room:
Or in the fane of the good goddeſs dreſs,
Where all the male-kind are debar'd acceſs.

'Tis ſaid, that I (but 'tis a tale deviſ'd)
A lady at her toilet once ſurpriz'd;
Who ſtarting, ſnatch'd in haſte the tow'r she wore,
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our toes fall ev'ry ſuch diſgrace,
Or barb'rous beauties of the *Parthian* race.
Ungraceful 'tis to ſee without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches beſt adorn,
A leaf-leſs tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairleſs head.

But think not, theſe inſtructions are deſign'd
For firſt-rate beauties, of the finiſh'd kind;
Not to a *Semele*, or *Leda* bright,
Nor an *Europa*, theſe my rules I write;[d]
Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach; whoſe charms
Stir'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece*, to arms:

Thee

[d] The *Sidonian Europa*, daughter of *Agenor*, king of *Phœnicia*, whom *Jupiter* fell in love with, and raviſh'd her in the ſhape of a bull: He carry'd her to *Crete*, and ſhe there brought him three ſons, *Minus*, *Radamanthus* and *Sarpedon*. After that *Aſterius* having no children, marry'd her, adopted *Jupiter*'s ſons, and left his kingdom to them, as *Diodorus* informs us. *Europa* is call'd the *Sidonian*, from the city *Sidon*, built by the *Phœnicians*.

Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And *Paris* well defended what he won;
What lover or what husband, would not fight
In such a cause, where both are in the right?

The croud I teach, some homely and some fair;
But of the former sort the larger share.
The handsome least require the help of art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with nature's part.
When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.

Faults in your person, or your face correct;
And few are seen that have not some defect.
The nymph too short, her seat should seldom quit,
Lest when she stands, she may be thought to sit;
And when extended on her couch she lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean, of thick-wrought stuff her cloaths should chuse,
And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
If pale let her the crimson juice apply;
If swarthy, to the *Pharian* varnish fly. *e*
A leg too lank tight garters still must wear;
Nor should an ill-shaped foot be ever bare.
Round shoulders, bolstered will appear the least *f*.
And lacing strait confines too full a breast.

Whose

e Pharos was a little island at the mouth of the *Nile*, near the port of *Alexandria*, where anciently stood a high stately tower, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. *Ptolemy Philadelphus* spent 800 talents in building it. We read of it in *Cæsar's Commentaries*. In this island were abundance of crocodiles, the entrails of which were excellent to take off freckles or spots in the face, and whiten the skin.

f The same invention is used in our days, both for this defect in women, and in calv'd stockings for the men. And 'tis satisfactory to the curious to know the fashion is 1800 years old.

Whoſe fingers are too fat, and nails too coarſe,
Should always ſhun much geſture in diſcourſe.
And you, whoſe breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor faſting, nor too near another, ſpeak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whoſe teeth are black, uneven, or unſound.
You'd hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or ſpoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, leſt you diſcloſe your gums,
And loſe the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your ſides too ſtrong concuſſions ſhake,
Leſt you the ſoftneſs of the ſex forſake.
In ſome, diſtortions quite the face diſguiſe;
Another laughs, that you would think ſhe cries.
In one, too hoarſe a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harſh as if ſhe bray'd.

What cannot art attain! many, with eaſe,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they pleaſe.
Others, thro' affectation, liſp; and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too maſculine a motion ſhocks the ſight;
But female grace allures with ſtrange delight.
One has an artful ſwing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the ſwelling wind;
Swell'd with the wanton wind, they looſely flow,
And ev'ry ſtep and graceful motion ſhew.
Another, like an *Umbrian*'s ſturdy ſpouſe, *g*
Strides all the ſpace her petticoat allows.

g The *Umbrians* inhabited a country joining to the *Appenine* hills, which runs from *Savona*, on the coaſt of *Genoa*, to the *Sicilian* ſtreights. This nation were reckon'd ruſtic in their manners, ſtrong in bodies, and ſtout of heart.

Between extreams, in this, a mean adjuſt,
Nor ſhew too nice a gate, nor too robuſt.

If ſnowy white your neck, you ſtill would wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left arm, bare;
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part.

Sirens, tho' monſters of the ſtormy main, *h*
Can ſhips, when under ſail, with ſongs, detain:
Scarce cou'd *Ulyſſes* by his friends be bound,
When firſt he liſten'd to the charming ſound.
Singing inſinuates: Learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice perſuades.
Whether on theatres loud ſtrains we hear,
Or in *Ruelles* ſome ſoft *Ægyptian* air.
Well ſhall ſhe ſing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were ſtirr'd, the beaſts to liſten ſtaid,
When on his lyre melodious *Orpheus* play'd;
Even *Cerberus* and hell that ſound obey'd. *i*
And ſtones officious were, thy walls to raiſe,
O *Thebes*, attracted by *Amphion*'s lays. *k*

The

h Syrens, *tho' monſters*, &c. *Ovid* here adviſes the ladies to learn to ſing, and takes his compariſons from the *Syrens*, who charm'd voyagers by their ſinging. *i* *Orpheus* of mount *Rhodophe*, that is, of *Thrace*; from whence he is ſo often call'd *Threicius*: For he was a *Thracian*, ſon of *Oeagrus* and *Calliope*, as *Diodrus* writes: He was ſo ſkilful in playing upon the lyre, that 'tis ſaid he drew after him trees and wild beaſts. *k* He means the walls of *Thebes*, built by the ſound of *Amphion*'s lyre. He was the ſon of *Jupiter* and *Antiope*, and brother of *Zethus*. *Euſebius* writes that *Amphion* reign'd at *Thebes*, and made rocks move with the ſound of his lyre; for that he was at laſt hearken'd to by his ſubjects, who were a ſtubborn ſort of people.

The dolphin, dumb itſelf, thy voice admir'd,
And was, *Arion*, by thy ſongs inſpir'd. *l*

Of ſweet *Callimachus* the works rehearſe, *m*
And read *Philetas* and *Anacreon*'s verſe. *n*
Terentian plays may much the mind improve; *o*
But ſofteſt *Sapho* beſt inſtructs to love. *p*
Propertius, *q* *Gallus*, *r* and *Tibullus* *ſ* read,
And let *Varronian* verſe to theſe ſucceed. *t*

l Some ſay he was a poet and muſician of *Lesbos*, and invented *dithyrambics* for praiſe of wine and *Bacchus*. Having got a great deal of money, and returning from his travels home by ſea, the ſailors robb'd him, and threw him overboard; when a *Dolphin*, charm'd with his muſic, convey'd him ſafe to *Peloponeſus*; where he procur'd *Periander* to put the ſailors to death. *m* *Callimachus* was a conſiderable poet, and, according to *Quintilian*, the firſt that wrote elegies in *Greek*. He was the ſon of *Battus*, who built *Cyrene*. For which reaſon he is call'd *Battiades*. *n* *Philetas* was a native of the iſland of *Coos* in the *Ægean* ſea; a celebrated poet and writer of elegies, and flouriſh'd under *Philip* and his ſon *Alexander* the great. *Ovid* calls *Anacreon* the old man of *Teios*, who lov'd drinking ſo well. He was a lyric poet, and *Pliny* tells us, he choak'd himſelf with a grapeſtone as he was drinking. *o* He means *Terence*, and his *Phormio* in particular, where *Chremes* and *Demipho*, two old men, are deceiv'd by *Geta*. The ancients us'd to call their ſervants by the names of the countries from whence they came, as *Lydus*, *Syrus*, &c. *p* *Sapho* is made famous by almoſt all the poets of antiquity, as well as by her own writings. She was born at *Mitylene*, in the iſle of *Lesbos*; and was contemporary with *Alceus*. *q* *Propertius* was a native of *Umbria*, that rude part of *Italy*; ſo that we find genius and politeneſs are not confin'd to places. *r* He tranſlated the *Euphorion* of the *Greeks* into *Latin*, and wrote four books for a freed woman of *Volumnius*, with whom he was in love. *Servius* calls her *Cytheris*. He was the firſt who commanded in *Egypt* under

Then mighty *Maro*'s work with care peruſe;
Of all the *Latian* bards the nobleſt muſe.
Even I, 'tis poſſible, in after-days,
May ſcape oblivion, and be nam'd with theſe.
My labour'd lines, ſome readers may approve,
Since I've inſtructed either ſex in love.
Whatever book you read of this ſoft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.

Tender epiſtles too, by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
Such was your ſacred will, O tuneful nine!
Such thine, *Apollo*, and *Lycæus*, thine!

Still unaccompliſh'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witneſs the well-kept dancers of the ſtage.

Of ſome odd trifles I'm aſham'd to tell,
Tho' it becomes the ſex to trifle well;
To raffle prettily, or ſlur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiſs at cheſs to be expert, *ſ*
For games moſt thoughtful, ſometimes, moſt divert.
Learn ev'ry game, you'll find it prove of uſe;
Parties begun at play, may love produce.

Parties

der *Auguſtus*. He was pro-conſul, according to *Euſebius*.

ſ Every body who is the leaſt acquainted with antiquity, knows he was one of the fineſt wits of the *Auguſtan* age, and a man of gallantry and profuſion, waſting his eſtate, even while he was in his youth, on his extravagancies and pleaſures.

t Who, when he was thirty-five years old, learn'd *Greek*, and tranſlated *Apollonius Rhodius*'s four books of the conqueſt of the *Argonauts*. From whence *Quintilian* calls him the interpreter of another man's writings.

u Suppoſed to be billiard balls.

But eaſier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then, each breaſt is open laid.
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then baſe deſire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls ariſe, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the ſky,
While loſing gameſters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd ev'ry caſt;
They grieve, and curſe, and ſtorm, nay weep at laſt.
Good *Jove* avert ſuch ſhameful faults as theſe,
From ev'ry nymph whoſe heart's inclin'd to pleaſe.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher ſports deſign'd: *x*
To wield the ſword, and hurl the pointed ſpear;
To ſtop, or turn the ſteed, in full career.

Tho' martial fields ill ſuit your tender frames,
Nor may you ſwim in *Tiber's* rapid ſtreams;
Yet when *Sol's* burning wheels from *Leo* drive, *y*
And at the glowing virgin's ſign arrive, *z*
'Tis both allow'd and fit, you ſhould repair
To pleaſant walks, and breathe refreſhing air.
To *Pompey's* gardens, or the ſhady groves
Which *Cæſar* honours, and which *Phœbus* loves:
Phœbus, who ſunk the proud *Ægyptian* fleet, *a*
And made *Auguſtus'* victory compleat.

x As tennis, to fling the dart, quoits, fencing, and ride the great horſe, or manage horſes. *y* The ſun is the maſter planet, and *Leo* the fifth ſign in the *Zodiac*, by aſtronomers call'd the houſe of the ſun, who therein cauſes the greateſt heats. *z* *Virgo* is the ſixth northern ſign of the *Zodiac*, next to the autumnal *Equinox*. The Poet means the ſummer ſeaſon, when the ſun paſſes thro' *Cancer*, *Leo* and *Virgo*. *a* 'Tis ſaid *Phœbus* deſcended at the battle of *Actium*, and was preſent on the *Romans* ſide when *Auguſtus* beat *Mark Antony*.

Or ſeek thoſe ſhades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to *Livia*'s and *Octav a*'s name;
Or, where *Agrippa* firſt adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd. *z*
To *Iſis*' fane, to theatres reſort;
And in the *Circus* ſee the noble ſport.
In ev'ry public place, by turns, be ſhewn;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in ſinging *Thamyras* tranſcend; *a*
Your voice unheard, who cou'd your ſkill commend?
Had not *Apelles* drawn the ſea-born queen, *b*
Her beauties, ſtill, beneath the waves had been.

Poets inſpir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of gods and kings the moſt peculiar care:
Majeſtic awe was in the name allow'd,
And, they, with rich poſſeſſions were endow'd,
Ennius with honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
And, next his own, the poet's ſtatue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no eſteem, *c*
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.

Still

z *Agrippa* married *Julia*, *Auguſtus*'s daughter by *Scribonia*, and his Father in law honoured him with a naval crown after he beat *Pompey* in *Sicily*. One of the Porticos in *Rome*, was built or nam'd by *Agrippa*.— *a* *Thamyras*, ſon of *Philamon*, of whom 'tis ſaid, that as he return'd from the city of *Ætolia* he met with the *Muſes* by the way, and was ſo proud of his ſinging, he fancied he could out-do them in that art; at which the daughters of *Jupiter* were ſo enrag'd, that in revenge they depriv'd him of the uſe of his Reaſon.— *b* Every one has heard of *Apelles*, the famous painter. He was a native of *Cos*, or as others write *Epheſus*, for his great ſkill in his art he was call'd the prince of painters.— *c* Perhaps there never was, and never will be an age, where ſome Poets, and thoſe

Still there's a pleaſure, that proceeds from praiſe:
What could the high renown of *Homer* raiſe, *d*
But that he ſung his *Iliad*'s deathleſs lays?

Who cou'd have been of *Danæ*'s charms aſſur'd, *e*
Had ſhe grown old, within her tow'r immur'd?
This, as a rule, let ev'ry nymph purſue,
That 'tis her int'reſt oft to come in view.

A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many, to make ſure of one.
So, let the fair the gazing croud aſſail,
That over one, at leaſt, ſhe may prevail.
In ev'ry place to pleaſe, be all her thought;
Where, ſometimes, leaſt we think, the fiſh is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil,
Anon, the ſtag himſelf ſhall ſeek the toil.

How thoſe not the worſt, will not have cauſe to complain with *Ovid*; who liv'd in a time when poetry was favour'd with the protection, and honour'd with the example of *Auguſtus*, *Mæcenas*, and the *Roman* court.—*d. Homer*'s name, and the contention of ſeven cities for him, are ſo well known that there's no need of ſaying much about it; he was ſo call'd from his blindneſs. He was the moſt famous of all the *Greek* poets, but poor to the extremity of begging.—*e Danae*, daughter of *Acriſius* king of *Argos*; who having conſulted the oracle, and being told that he ſhould be kill'd by her ſon, ſhut her up in a brazen tower to prevent it. But *Jupiter* transforming himſelf into a golden ſhower, bribed her keepers, and got her with child; which, being born, was the renowned *Perſius*. her father commanded both the babe and his mother to be thrown into the ſea; but being fortunately caſt aſhore on one of the iſlands call'd *Cyclades* the king of the iſland marry'd the mother; and *Perſeus*, when he was grown up, unwittily killed his grandfather.

How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt relief, *f*
Whoſe charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who ſees her lord expire,
While yet ſhe weeps, may kindle new deſire,
And *Hymen*'s torch relight with fun'ral fire.

Beware of men who are too ſprucely dreſs'd;
And look, you fly with ſpeed a fop profeſs'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thouſand more,
Will tell the ſame dull ſtory o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unſteadily they rove,
And never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such flutt'ring things all women ſure ſhould hate,
Light, as themſelves, and more effeminate.
Believe me; all I ſay is for your good;
Had *Priam* been believ'd, *Troy* ſtill had ſtood. *g*

Many, with baſe deſigns, will paſſion feign,
Who know no love, but ſordid love of gain.
But let not powder'd heads nor eſſenc'd hair, *h*
Your well-believing, eaſy hearts enſnare.
Rich cloaths are oft by common ſharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So, may your lover burn with fierce deſire
Your jewels to enjoy, and beſt attire.

Poor

f She was the Daughter of *Cepheus*, king of *Arcadia*, and for her mother's pride, in comparing her beauty to that of the *Nereids*, was expos'd to a horrible ſea monſter, from whom ſhe was deliver'd by the above-nam'd *Perſeus*.—*g* *Priam*, king of *Troy*, and father of *Paris*, who ſtole *Helen*, was for reſtoring her to the *Greeks* when they demanded her by their ambaſſadors; but other councils prevailing, the war enſued, which ended in the deſtruction of *Troy*, and the death of *Priam*, who was killed by *Pyrrhus*, ſon of *Achilles*, after 40 years reign.—*h* The *Nardus* or *Nard* was a plant brought from *India* or *Syria*, from which a precious ointment was extracted, and put to the ſame uſes as the modern *Beaux* and *Belles* do their eſſences.

Poor *Chloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the ſtreets;
And as ſhe runs, *Give me my own* repeats.
How often, *Venus*, haſt thou heard ſuch cries,
And laugh'd amidſt thy *Appian* votaries? *i*
Some ſo notorious are, their very name
Muſt ev'ry nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills which others have deſtroy'd,
And faithleſs men with conſtant care avoid.
Truſt not a *Theſeus*, fair *Athenian* maid, *k*
Who has ſo oft th' atteſting gods betray'd.
And thou, *Demophoon*, heir to *Theſeus'* crimes,
Haſt loſt thy credit to all future times.

Promiſe for promiſe, equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For, ſhe for any act of hell is fit,
And undiſmay'd may ſacrilege commit;
With impious hands cou'd quench the veſtal fire,
Poiſon her huſband, in her arms, for hire,
Who, firſt, to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.

But hold, my muſe, check thy unruly horſe,
And more in ſight purſue th' intended courſe.

If Love epiſtles, tender lines impart,
And *Billet-deaux* are ſent, to ſound your heart,
Let all ſuch letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be ſecretly convey'd.
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a Paſſion is, and when ſincere.

Ere

i The temple of *Venus* ſtood in the *Appian* way, and the gallant women us'd to frequent it to meet their ſparks.— *k* *Theſeus*'s inconſtancy to *Ariadne* has render'd him famous among the inconſtants in ſtory.

Ere in return you write, ſome time require;
Delays, if not too long, encreaſe deſire:
Nor let the preſſing youth with eaſe obtain,
Nor yet refuſe him with too rude diſdain,
Now let his hopes, now let his fears encreaſe,
But by degrees, let fear to hope give place.

Be ſure avoid ſet phraſes, when you write,
The uſual way of ſpeech is more polite.
How have I ſeen the puzzl'd lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A ſtile too coarſe takes from a handſome face, *l*
And makes us wiſh an uglier in its place.

But ſince (tho' chaſtity be not your care)
You from your huſband ſtill would hide th' Affair,
Write to no ſtranger 'till his truth be try'd;
Nor in a fooliſh meſſenger confide.
What agonies that women undergoes,
Whoſe hand the traitor threatens to expoſe;
Who raſhly truſting, dreads to be deceiv'd.
And lives for ever to that dread enſlav'd!
Such treachery can never be ſurpaſs'd,
For thoſe diſcov'ries, ſure as lightning, blaſt,
Might I adviſe, fraud ſhou'd with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.

But ſince your Letters may be brought to light,
What if in ſev'ral Hands you learn'd to write?
My curſe on him who firſt the ſex betray'd,
And this advice ſo neceſſary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
Firſt rub your lovers out, then write again.

Still

l. This is very delicate, and ſhews of what importance 'tis for beauty to be well-bred, if it would be victorious.

Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may uſe as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend, to you ſubſcribe a female name.

Now, greater things to tell, my muſe prepare,
And clap on all the ſail the bark can bear.
Let no rude paſſions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the fineſt face:
It ſwells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a *Gorgon* horror reigns.

When on her flute divine *Minerva* play'd, *m*
And in a fountain ſaw the change it made,
Swelling her cheeks: She flung it quick aſide,
Nor is thy muſic ſo much worth, ſhe cry'd.
Look in your glaſs when you with anger glow,
And you'll confeſs, you ſcarce yourſelves can know;
Nor with exceſſive pride inſult the ſight,
For gentle looks alone to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more deteſtable than pride.
How have I ſeen ſome *Airs* diſguſt create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and ſmiles with ſmiles be paid,
And when your lover bows; incline your head.
So, love preluding, plays at firſt with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy miſtreſs charms;
Let ſad *Tecmeſſa* weep in *Ajax'* Arms. *n*

Let

m Minerva playing on her flute by a river ſide, and ſeeing in the water what grimaces it obliged her to make, ſhe flung away the inſtrument in a paſſion, and curſt it ſo much, that he who made uſe of it afterwards had cauſe to repent of it.—

n She was *Ajax*'s captive and his miſtreſs, by whom he had *Euryſaces*, from whom deſcended the *Euryſacidæ*, one of the moſt noted families of *Athens*.

Let mournful beauties, fallen heroes move;
We chearful men like gaiety in love.
Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,
Who, in bewailing *Troy*, waſtes all the night.
Had they not both born children (to be plain)
I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their huſbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame;
Could toy, could fondle, or cou'd call their lords
My life, my ſoul; or ſpeak endearing words.

Why from compariſons ſhou'd I refrain,
Or fear ſmall things by greater to explain?
Obſerve what conduct prudent gen'rals uſe,
And how their ſev'ral officers they chuſe;
To one, a charge of infantry commit,
Another, for the horſe, is thought more fit.
So you your ſev'ral lovers ſhou'd ſelect,
And, as you find 'em qualified, direct.
The wealthy lover ſtore of gold ſhould ſend;
The lawyer ſhou'd, in courts, your cauſe defend.
We, who write verſe, with verſe alone ſhou'd bribe;
Moſt apt to love is all the tuueful tribe.
By us, your fame ſhall thro' the world be blaz'd;
So *Nemeſis*, ſo *Cynthia*'s name was rais'd. *o*
From eaſt to weſt, *Lycoris*'s praiſes ring;
Nor are *Corinna*'s ſilent, whom we ſing.
No fraud the poet's ſacred breaſt can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart ſincere,
Nor wealth he ſeeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But ſhun's the bar; and books and ſhades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With eaſe we fix, but we with pain remove;

Our

o Nemeſis was the goddeſs of juſtice. The *Romans* invoked her before they went to battle, and return'd her thanks after victory, for revenging them on their enemies.

Our ſofter ſtudies with our ſouls combine,
And both, to tenderneſs our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's pray'r,
The god that fills him, and the muſe revere ; *q*
Something divine is in us, and from heav'n
Th' inſpiring ſpirit can alone be giv'n.
'Tis ſin, a price from poets to exact ;
But 'tis a ſin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from ſight,
Leſt you too ſoon your new admirer fright.

As ſkilful riders rein, with diff'rent force,
A new-back'd courſer, and a well-train'd horſe ;
Do you, by diff'rent management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.
This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone :
With kind careſſes oft indulge the boy,
And all the harveſt of his heart enjoy.
Alone, thus bleſs'd, of rivals moſt beware ;
Nor love, nor empire, can a partner bear.
Men more diſcreetly love, when more mature,
And many things which youth diſdains, endure ;
No windows break, nor houſes ſet on fire,
Nor tear their own, or miſtreſſes attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs reſent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They ſlowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but ſooner dies ;
Then ſwiftly ſeize the joy that ſwiftly flies.

q Meaning that poetic fury with which *Apollo* inſpires the bard. Perhaps 'tis for this reaſon that *Ennius* calls poets divine, as *Cicero* writes in his oration for *Archias*.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How ſurely to enſlave ourſelves, we ſhew.
To truſt a traitor, you'll no ſcruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your ſake.

Who yields too ſoon, will ſoon her lover loſe;
Wou'd you retain him long? then long refuſe.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with ſweets, bitters the taſte reſtore;
Ships, by fair winds, are ſometimes run aſhore.
Hence ſprings the coldneſs of a marry'd life,
The huſband, when he pleaſes, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
Here's no admittance, Sir; I muſt deny: r
The very huſband, ſo repuls'd will find
A growing inclination to be kind.

Thus far with foils you've fought; thoſe laid aſide,
I, now, ſharp weapons for the ſex provide;
Nor doubt, againſt myſelf, to ſee them try'd.

When, firſt, a lover you deſign to charm,
Beware, leſt jealouſies his ſoul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the ſkill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, ſmall doubts create,
And let him fear ſome rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which elſe wou'd languiſh, and too ſoon grow old.

Then

r We underſtand by it, that the ladies muſt keep out both lovers and huſband to raiſe their paſſion, apt to be cloy'd when admittance is too eaſy.

Then ſtrains the courſer to out-ſtrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, ſuſpicions may revive;
I own, when mine's ſecure, 'tis ſcarce alive.
Yet, one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at moſt ſuſpect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretends your huſband's ſpies beſet the door:
Tho' free as *Thais*, ſtill affect a fright; *r*
For, ſeeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in thro' your windows ſteal;
Tho' he might enter at the door as well.
And, ſometimes, let your maid ſurpriſe pretend,
And beg you, in ſome hole to hide your friend.
Yet, ever and anon, diſpel his fear,
And let him taſte of happineſs ſincere;
Leſt, quite diſhearten'd with too much fatigue,
He ſhou'd grow weary of the dull intrigue.

But I forget to tell, how you may try
Both to evade the huſband, and the ſpy.

That wives ſhou'd of their huſbands ſtand in awe,
Agrees with juſtice, modeſty, and law:
But, that a miſtreſs may be lawful prize,
None, but her keeper, I am ſure, denies.
For ſuch fair nymphs, theſe precepts are deſign'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Tho' ſtuck with *Argus* eyes your keeper were, *ſ*
Advis'd by me, you ſhall elude his care.

r Thais was a name given to all ſort of women of a lewd character, who however affect diſcretion.—*ſ* The fable of *Argus* has been ſpoken of before, he had a hundred eyes, and kept *Io* from *Jupiter* by *Juno*'s order; for which *Mercury* kill'd

When you, to waſh or bathe retire from ſight,
Can he obſerve what letters then you write?
Or can his caution againſt ſuch provide,
Which, in her breaſt, your confident may hide?
Can he the knot beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her ſhoe?
Yet, theſe perceiv'd, you may her back undreſs,
And, writing on her ſkin, your mind expreſs.
New milk, or pointed ſpires of flax, when green, *t*
Will ink ſupply, and letters mark unſeen.
Fair will the paper ſhew, nor can he read,
Till all the writing's with warm aſhes ſpread.

Acriſius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tow'r of braſs a grandſire made.

Can ſpies avail, when you to plays reſort,
Or in the *Circus* view the noble ſport?
Or, can you be to *Iſis'* fane purſu'd,
Or *Cybelle's*, whoſe rites all men exclude?
Tho' watchful ſervants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room.
Or, when ſome ſudden ſickneſs you preſend,
May you not take to your ſick-bed a friend?
Falſe keys a private paſſage may procure,
If not, there are more ways beſides the door.
Sometimes with wine your watchful follow'r treat;
When drunk you may with eaſe his care defeat:
Or, to prevent too ſudden a ſurprize,
Prepare a ſleeping draught, to ſeal his eyes:

Or

kill'd him by command of his father *Jove*. To make him amends, *Juno* turn'd him into a peacock, and plac'd his eyes in the tail.—*t Ovid* ſhews ſeveral ways to write letters, ſo that the writing may not be perceiv'd.

Or let your maid, ſtill longer time to gain,
An inclination for his perſon feign;
With faint reſiſtance let her droll him on,
And, after competent delays, he won.

But what needs all theſe various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greateſt vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry *Jove* with off'rings is appeas'd.
With preſents fools and wiſe alike are caught,
Give but enough, the huſband may be bought.
But let me warn you when you bribe a ſpy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with ſuch men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.

Once, I remember I with cauſe complain'd
Of jealouſy occaſion'd by a friend.
Believe me, apprehenſions of that kind,
Are not alone to our falſe ſex confin'd.
Truſt not, too far, your ſhe-companion's truth,
Leſt ſhe ſometimes ſhou'd intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover, in your ſtead.
Nor keep a ſervant with too fair a face,
For ſuch I've known ſupply her lady's place.

But, whither do I run with heedleſs rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare!
Was ever hound inſtructed by the hare?
But all ſelf-ends and int'reſt ſet apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art.
Defenceleſs and unarm'd expoſe my life,
And for the *Lemnian* ladies, whet the knife.*u*

u Alluding to thoſe wicked women, who roſe againſt the-
men;,

Perpetual fondneſs of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himſelf, he your deſign will aid!
To what we wiſh, tis eaſy to perſuade.
With dying eyes, his face and form ſurvey,
Then ſigh, and wonder he ſo long cou'd ſtay:
Now drop a tear, your ſorrows to aſſuage,
Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
Such proofs as theſe, will all diſtruſt remove,
And make him pity your exceſſive love.
Scarce to himſelf will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond creature die?
But chiefly one ſuch fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glaſs, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddeſs might with eaſe be won.

Light wrongs, be ſure, you ſtill with mildneſs bear,
Nor ſtreight fly out, when you a rival fear.
Let not your paſſions o'er your ſenſe prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle tale.
Let *Procris*'s fate a ſad example be *x*
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near, where his purple head *Hymettus* ſhews
And flow'ring hills, a ſacred fountain flows,
With ſoft and verdant turf the ſoil is ſpread,
And ſweetly-ſmelling ſhrubs the ground o'er-ſhade.
There, roſemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's ſcent combine. *y*

There,

men, and did not ſpare their own huſbands.—*x* She was the daughter of *Erictheus*, king of *Athens*.——*y* Black myrtle. 'Twas dedicated to *Venus*. *Cato* makes mention of three ſorts, white, black, and a third which he calls conjugal, becauſe 'twas dedicated for the ceremonies of marriage.

There, tamariſks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And citiſus, and garden pines, abound. z
While through the boughs, ſoft winds of *zephyr* paſs,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of graſs.
Hither would *Cephalus* retreat to reſt,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat oppreſt:
And, thus, to *Air*, the panting youth wou'd pray,
Come gentle Aura, *come*, *this heat allay*,
But ſome tale-bearing too officious friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the news to *Procris* quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what ſhe had heard.
Soon, as the name of *Aura* reach'd her ears,
With jealouſy ſurpris'd, and fainting fears,
Her roſy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies like death, ſupplied the place;
Pale ſhe appear'd, as are the falling leaves,
When firſt the vine the winter's blaſt receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, ſuch the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view,
Reviving from her ſwoon, her robes ſhe tore,
Nor her own faultleſs face to wound forbore.
Now, all diſhevell'd, to the wood ſhe flies,
With *Bacchanalian* fury in her eyes *a*
Thither arriv'd; ſhe leaves, below, her friends;
And, all alone, the ſhady hill aſcends.
What folly, *Procris* o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage, thus, fatally, to lie conceal'd?

Who-

z 'Tis a ſhrub which fattens ſheep, and horſes preſer it to grain.—*a* The prieſteſſes and prieſts of *Bacchus*, who celebrated the feſtival of that god, did it with the noiſe of ſhouts, drums, timbrels and cymbals, were crown'd with ivy, vine, *&c.* and carry'd a *Thyrſus* or ſtaff weav'd with it in their hands; they were frantic and outragious in their actions during this ceremony.

Whoe'er this *Aura* be (ſuch was thy thought)
She, now, ſhall in the very fact be caught.
Anon, thy heart repents its raſh deſigns,
And now to go, and now to ſtay inclines:
Thus, love, with doubts perplexes ſtill thy mind,
And makes thee ſeek, what thou muſt dread to find.
But, ſtill, the rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more ſuſpicious ſtill the place appears:
But more than all, exceſſive love deceives,
Which, all it fears too eaſily believes.

And, now, a chilneſs run thro' ev'ry vein,
Soon as ſhe ſaw where *Cephalus* had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to ſhun
The ſcorching ardour of the mid-day's ſun:
With water, firſt, he ſprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat; then ſought his uſual place.
Procris, with anxious but with ſilent care,
View'd him extended, with his boſom bare;
And heard him, ſoon, the accuſtom'd words repeat,
Come Zephyr, *Aura come, allay this heat.*
Soon as ſhe found her error, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were reſtor'd.
With joy ſhe roſe, to claſp him in her arms:
But *Cephalus*, the ruſtling noiſe alarms:
Some beaſt he thinks he in the buſhes hears,
And ſtreight, his arrows and his bow prepares.
Hold! hold! unhappy youth! — I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou haſt thy *Procris* ſlain.
Me, me, (ſhe cries) *thou'ſt wounded with thy dart:*
But Cephalus *was wont to wound this heart.*
Yet, lighter on my aſhes, earth will lie,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrivall'd die!
Come, cloſe with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
Jealous of air, to air I yield my breath.
Cloſe to his heavy heart, her cheek he laid,
And waſh'd, with ſtreaming tears, the wound he made:

At length, the ſprings of life their currents leave,
And her laſt gaſp, her huſband's lips receive.

Now to purſue our voyage we muſt provide,
'Till ſafe to port our weary bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now ſhou'd teach
What rules, to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the firſt, invited to a feaſt;
Rather, come laſt, as a more grateful gueſt:
For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the ſureſt welcome, when arriv'd.
Beſides, complexions of a coarſer kind,
From candle-light, no ſmall advantage find.
During the time you eat, obſerve ſome grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands beſmear your face;
Nor, yet, too ſqueamiſhly your meat avoid,
Leſt we ſuſpect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extreams in either kind, beware,
And ſtill, before your belly's full, forbear.
No glutton nymph, however fair, can wound,
Tho' more than *Hellen* ſhe in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the moderate uſe
More ſuits the ſex, and ſooner finds excuſe;
It warms the blood, adds luſtre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But, carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you ſee double, liſp, or ſleep.
For in ſuch ſleeps, brutalities are done,
Which, tho' you loath, you have no pow'r to ſhun.

And now th' inſtructed nymph from table led,
Shou'd next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modeſty forbids: Nor more, my muſe.
With weary'd wings the labour'd flight purſues;

Her

Her purple ſwans unyoak'd, the chariot leave, *b*
And needful reſt (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I ſhew, *c*
And equal arms, on either ſex beſtow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve, *d*
Ovid, muſt own, their maſter is in love.

b To ſhew that he treats of love affairs, repreſented by the ſwans that are ſaid to draw *Venus*'s car ſometimes; tho' doves are oftenest harneſs'd on this occaſion. So that *Ovid*, as both a poet and a lover, might have the privilege to put ſwans to his car, as emblems of his being conducted by *Venus* and *Apollo*.—*c* The reader has now gone through the *Art of Love*, and 'tis hop'd he has found nothing to ſhock him. He may look upon this book as a hiſtory of the manners and cuſtoms of the ancients, not to imitate them, but ſee *Ovid*'s fine ſentiments, his eloquence, and fruitful invention, which makes him ſpeak agreeably of every thing.—*d* We ſee *Ovid* made no ſcruple of calling himſelf *Naſo*, tho' it was a name of diſtinction given him for his great noſe, but perhaps not a name of contempt, great noſes being more a beauty among the *Romans* than in our times.

The END *of the* THIRD BOOK.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

OVID's

OVID's Remedy of Love.

Translated by Mr TATE.

THE title of this book when *Cupid* spy'd, *d*
Treason! a plot against our state! he cry'd.
Why should you thus your loyal poet wrong,
Who in your war has serv'd so well and long?
So savage and ill-bred I ne'er can prove,
Like *Diomede*, to wound the queen of love. *e*
Others by fits have felt your am'rous flame,
I still have been, and still your martyr am;
Rules for your vot'rys I did late impart,
Refining passion, and made love an art.
Nor do I now, of that or thee take leave,
Nor does the muse her former web unweave.
Let him, who loves where love success may find,
Spread all his sails before th' prosp'rous wind;

But

d The Author endeavours, in this treatise, to make amends for the hurt he did by the former; and proposes several remedies in the case of love, some of which are very good and useful, as there are others very trivial, and not fit to be put in practice.—— *e Diomedes*, the son of *Tydeus*, whom *Minerva* had so strengthen'd that he was a match for the immortal gods, and having given this wound to *Venus*, forc'd her to retire back to heav'n as fast as she could in *Mars*' chariot.

But let poor youths, who female ſcorn endure,
And hopeleſs burn, repair to me for cure:
For why ſhould any worthy youth deſtroy
Himſelf, becauſe ſome worthleſs nymph is coy?
Love ſhould be nature's friend; let hemp and ſteel
Hangmen and heroes uſe, whoſe trade's to kill,
Where fatal it would prove, let paſſion ceaſe;
Nor love deſtroy, which ſhould our race encreaſe.
A child you are, and like a child ſhould play;
And gentle as your years, ſhould be your ſway.
Keen arrows, and to wound the hardeſt hearts,
You are permitted——but no mortal darts.
Let your ſtep-father *Mars*, on ſword and ſpear *f*
The crimſon ſtains of cruel conqueſt wear;
You ſhould your mother's milder laws obſerve,
Who ne'er did childleſs parent's curſe deſerve.
Or if you muſt employ your wanton pow'r,
Teach youths by night to force their miſtreſs's door:
How lovers ſafe and ſecretly may meet,
And ſubtle wives the cautious huſband cheat:
Let now th' excluded youth the gate careſs,
A thouſand wheedling ſoothing plaints expreſs;
Then on the' ill-natur'd timber vent his ſpight,
And to ſome doleful tune weep out the night.
For tears, not blood, love's altar ſhould require:
Love's torch, deſign'd to kindle kind deſire,
Muſt ſeem profan'd, to light a fun'ral fire.
Thus I——The god his purple wings diſplay'd,
And, *forward finiſh your deſign*, he ſaid.
To me, ye injur'd youths, for help repair,
Who hopeleſs languiſh for ſome cruel fair;
I'll now unteach the art I taught before,
The hand that wounded ſhall your health reſtore.

One

f He is call'd love's father-in-law, from his familiarity with his mother *Venus*.

One ſoil can herbs and pois'nous weeds diſcloſe,
The nettle oft is neighbour to the roſe.
Such was the cure th' *Arcadian* hero found, *c*
The *Pelian* ſpear, that wounded, made him ſound.
But know, the rules that I to men preſcribe,
In like diſtreſs may ſerve the female tribe:
And when beyond your ſphere my methods go,
You may, at leaſt, infer what you ſhould do.
When flames beyond their uſeful bounds aſpire,
'Tis charity to quench the threatning fire.
Nine viſits to the ſhore poor *Phyllis* made;
Had I adviſ'd, the tenth ſhe ſhou'd have paid.
Nor had *Demophoon*, when return'd from ſea,
For his expected bride, embrac'd a tree.
Nor *Dido*, from her flaming pile, by night,
Diſcover'd her ungrateful *Trojan*'s flight.
Nor had that mother dire revenge purſu'd,
Who in her off-ſpring's blood her hands imbru'd.
Fair *Philomel*, preſerv'd from *Tereus*' rape;
Her honour ſhe had kept, and he his ſhape.
Paſiphae ne'er had felt ſuch wild deſire:
Nor *Phædra* ſuffer'd by inceſtuous fire.
Let me the wanton *Paris* take in hand,
Helen ſhall be reſtor'd, and *Troy* ſhall ſtand.

c Telephus king of *Myſia*, ſon of *Hercules* and *Auge*, daughter of the king of *Arcadia*. He was call'd *Telephus*, from his having been nurſt by a doe in a wild place, where he was found by ſhepherds, who carry'd him to *Corytus* king of *Theſſaly*, by whom he was adopted for his ſon. When he was grown up to man's eſtate he went to *Delphos*, to enquire out his parents of the oracle, which bid him go to *Theutras* king of *Myſia*, where he ſhould be inform'd of what he deſir'd; he there found his mother *Auge*, and when his birth was known, great was the joy of the *Myſian* court. *Theutras*, who had no male iſſue, gave him his daughter *Argiope* in marriage, and left him his ſucceſſor in the kingdom when he dy'd.

My wholeſome precepts had lewd *Scylla* read,
The purple lock had grown on *Niſus*'s head.
Learn, youths, from me, to curb the deſp'rate force
Of love; and ſteer, by my advice, your courſe.
By reading me, you firſt receiv'd your bane;
Now, for an antidote read me again:
From ſcornful beauties chains I'll ſet you free,
Conſent but you to your own liberty.
Phœbus, thou god of phyſic and of verſe, *d*
Aſſiſt the healing numbers I rehearſe;
Direct at once my med'cines and my ſong,
For to thy care both provinces belong.

While the ſoft paſſion plays about your heart,
Before the tickling venom turns to ſmart,
Break then (for then you may) the treach'rous dart:
Teer up the ſeeds of the unrooted ill,
While they are weak, and you have pow'r to kill.
Beware delays; the tender bladed grain,
Shot up to ſtalk, can ſtand the wind and rain.
The tree, whoſe branches now are grown too big
For hands to bend, was ſet a ſlender twig;
When planted, to your ſlighteſt touch 'twould yield,
But now has fix'd poſſeſſion of the field.
Conſider, ere to love you give the reins,
If ſhe's a miſtreſs worth your future pains.
While yet in breath, ere yet your nerves are broke,
Caſt from your gen'rous neck the ſhameful yoke:
Check love's firſt ſymptoms, the weak foe ſurpriſe,
Who, once entrench'd, will all your arts deſpiſe.
Think, wretch, what you hereafter muſt endure,
What certain toil, for an uncertain cure.

Slip

d Pliny ſays, we owe the origin of heroic verſe to an oracle of this divinity; tho' ſome authors inform us, that *Phemonoe*, daughter of *Apollo*, was the inventreſs of it; and others, that 'twas *Carmanta*, *Evander*'s mother.

Slip not one minute; who defers to-day,
To-morrow will be harden'd in delay.
'Tis love's old practice, ſtill to ſooth you on,
'Till your diſeaſe gets ſtrength, and 'till your ſtrength is gone.
Rivers ſmall fountains have, and yet we find
Vaſt ſeas, of thoſe ſmall fountain'd rivers join'd.
Lockt up in bark poor *Myrrha* ne'er had been,
Had ſhe the progreſs of her crime foreſeen:
But pleas'd with the ſoft kindling of love's fire,
We, day by day, indulge the fond deſire;
'Till like a ſerpent it has eat its way,
And uncontroul'd does on our entrails pray.

Yet if the proper ſeaſon you have paſs'd,
Tho' hard the taſk, I'll uſe my ſkill at laſt;
Nor ſee my patient periſh by his grief,
Becauſe no ſooner call'd to his relief.
When *Philoctetus* firſt receiv'd his wound, *e*
The venom'd part cut off, had ſav'd the ſound:
Yet he, ev'n after tedious years of grief,
Was cur'd, and brought the fainting *Greeks* relief.
Thus I who charg'd you ſpeedy means to uſe,
Will none, in laſt extremities, refuſe.

Or try to quench the kindling flames, or ſtay
'Till their ſpent fury on its ſelf does prey.

e He was the ſon of *Pæan*, an *Hercules*'s faithful companion, who made him ſwear he would never diſcover where he lay bury'd, and gave him his arrows dipt in *Hydra*'s blood. The *Greeks* being told by the oracle that they ſhould never take *Troy* 'till they found the fatal arrows, importun'd *Philoctetus* to tell them where they were hid, which was in *Hercules*'s tomb; and he diſcover'd it by ſtamping on it with his foot, to keep himſelf from from perjury: But he was wounded in the foot for his prevarication, by one of thoſe arrows when he went to the *Trojan* war.

While in its full career, give ſcope to rage,
And circumvent the force you can't engage.
What pilot would againſt the current ſtrive,
When with a ſide-courſe he may ſafely drive?
Diſtemper'd minds, diſtracted with their grief,
Take all for foes, who offer them relief,
But when the firſt fermenting ſmart is o'er,
They ſuffer you to probe the ripen'd ſtore.
'Tis madneſs a fond mother to diſſuade
From tears, while on his hearſe her ſon is laid:
But when grief's deluge can no higher ſwell,
Declining ſorrow you'll with eaſe repel.
Cures have their times; the beſt that can be try'd
Enflame the wound, unſeaſonably apply'd

If therefore you expect to find redreſs,
In the firſt place, take leave of idleneſs. *f*
'Tis this that kindled firſt your fond deſire,
'Tis this brings fuel to the am'rous fire.
Bar idleneſs, you ruin *Cupid*'s game,
You blunt his arrows, and you quench his flame.
What wine to plane-trees, ſtreams to poplars prove,
Marſhes to reeds, is idleneſs to love.
Mind buſineſs, if your paſſion you'd deſtroy;
Secure is he, who can himſelf employ.
Sleep, drinking, gaming, for the foe make way,
And to love's ambuſcade the roving heart betray.
The ſlothful he ſeeks out, and makes his prize,
Surely as he the man of buſineſs flies.
Make buſineſs (no matter what) your care;
Some dear friend's cauſe may want you at the bar:
Or if your courage tempts you to the field,
Love's wanton arms to rough campaigns will yield.
Parthya

f An excellent remedy, and the moſt infallible in the diſtemper, of love, which is begot by lazineſs and effeminacy.

Parthia freſh work for triumph does afford,
Half-conquer'd to your hand, by *Ceſar*'s ſword.
Cupid's and *Parthian* darts at once o'ercome,
And to your country's gods, bring double trophies home.
Your ſword as dreadful will to love appear.
As to his mother the *Ætolian* ſpear.
The' adult'rous luſt that did *Ægiſthus* ſeize, g
And brought on murder, ſprang from wanton eaſe:
For he the only loiterer remain'd
At home, when *Troy*'s long war the reſt had drain'd.
He revell'd then at his luxurious board,
And ne'er embark'd, and ne'er unſheath'd his ſword;
But while the *Grecians* did for glory rove,
He waſted all his idle hours on love.

Or country-work and tillage can diſarm
Your am'rous cares, for ev'ry grief a charm.
Yoke oxen, plough the painful field, you'll find
The wounded earth will cure your love-ſick mind.
Then truſt your grain to the new-furrow'd ſoil,
That with large int'reſt will requite your toil.
Behold what kind returns your fruit-trees ſend,
Down to your hand the burden'd branches bend.
Behold a murm'ring brook through paſtures glide,
Behold the grazing ſheep on either ſide;
While in the ſhade, his pipe the ſhepherd tries,
The watchful dog his maſter's care ſupplies.
With loud complaints another grove is fill'd
Of heifers lowing for their firſtlings kill'd.

g The ſon of *Thyeſtes*, whoſe adulterous love to *Clytemneſtra* proved ſo fatal to her huſband *Agamemnon*, to himſelf and her; for he having killed his couſin-german, king *Agamemnon*, and ſeized his kingdom and wife at his return home from *Troy*; *Oreſtes*, that king's ſon in revenge ſlew him, and even his own mother, for which he was haunted by the furies.

What pleaſure 'tis with ſmouk of yew to drive
The murm'ring ſwarm, and ſeize the loaden hive.
All ſeaſons friendly to the ſwain are found;
Autumn with fruit, with harveſt ſummer's crown'd:
The ſpring's adorn'd with flowers to charm the eye,
And winter fires the abſent ſun ſupply.
At certain times you'll ſee the vintage full.
And for your wine-preſs may choice cluſters cull.
At certain times you pond'rous ſheafs may bind,
Yet for the rake leave work enough behind.
In mellow ground, your plants no wat'ring need;
The thirſty you from neighb'ring ſprings may feed.
Then, grafting, make old ſtocks ſprout freſh and green,
And various fruits on one proud branch be ſeen.
When once theſe pleaſures have your mind poſſeſt,
Love ſoon departs like a neglected gueſt.
Hunt, if the dull diſtemper you'd remove:
Diana will too hard for *Venus* prove.
Through all her doubling ſhifts, the hare purſue,
Or ſpread your toils upon the mountain's brow.
Ev'n when the ſtag's at bay, provoke his rage;
Or with your ſpear the foaming boar engage.
Thus tir'd, your reſt at night will prove ſo deep.
Dreams of your miſtreſs ne'er will haunt your ſleep.
'Tis eaſier work, yet 'twill require your care,
The feather'd game with birdlime to enſnare;
Or elſe to fiſh your bearded hook to bait,
And for your art's ſucceſs with patience wait.
Through ſports like theſe you'll ſteal into relief,
And while your time you cozen, cheat your grief.

Or travel, (tho' you find your fetters ſtrong;)
Set out betimes; your journey muſt be long.
You'd weep at thought of her you left behind,
And halting, to return be oft inclin'd.
But how much more unwilling to proceed,
Compel your feet to ſo much greater ſpeed.

Ad-

Advance, let nothing interrupt your way,
No wind nor weather, nor unlucky day.
Nor count the miles you've paſt, but what remain;
For loit'ring nigh no fond pretences feign.
Nor reckon time, nor once look back on *Rome*,
But fly; and *Parthian* like, by flight o'ercome.
You'll call my precepts hard; I grant they are:
But for dear health who would not hardſhip bear.
When ſick, the bitter potion I have ta'en;
And, for the food I fancy'd, beg'd in vain.
Both ſteel and fire you'll patiently endure,
And thirſt, more ſcorching, for your body's cure.
Can you, who thus your earthly part redeem,
For your immortal mind have leſs eſteem?
Yet, ſo my patient's comfort, I muſt own,
When this firſt ſtage he manfully has run,
The half, the worſt half of his taſk is done.
Gall'd with the yoke, at firſt the heifer draws:
The curb's firſt trial frets the courſer's jaws.
Perhaps to leave your father's houſe you'll mourn;
Yet go: And think, when tempted to return,
Your kindred but the falſe pretence is made;
'Tis abſence from your miſtreſs does perſuade.
When once ſet out, diverſions you will meet,
Fair country proſpects, and companions ſweet.
Nor only travel far, but tarry long;
Nor once look homewards while your paſſion's ſtrong.
Rebellious love, if he perceives you halt,
With greater fury will renew th' aſſault.
Half-famiſh'd paſſion will more fiercely prey,
And all your labour paſt be thrown away.

You'll think, when through *Hæmonian* fields you rove, *b*
That magic arts may yield a cure for love.

Old

b There were two mount *Hæmus*'s one in *Macedonia*, reach-

Old tales, of witchcraft ſtrange effects rehearſe;
The only charm I bring is ſacred verſe.
By my advice, no jargon ſhall be read,
Nor midnight hag, blaſpheming, raiſe the dead;
No ſtanding crop to other fields ſhall range,
No ſick eclipſe the ſun's complexion change;
Old *Tyber* ſhall his ſacred courſe retain,
And *Cynthia*, unmoleſted, guide her wain.
No ſuff'ring heart to ſpells ſhall be oblig'd,
Nor love reſign, by ſulphur ſtreams beſieg'd.
Think on *Medea* of all hopes bereſt,
When fled from home, and by her lover left.
And what did *Circe*'s pow'rful drugs avail, *i*
When ſhe beheld *Ulyſſes* under ſail?
She try'd her magic, charm on charm renew'd;
He with a merry gale his courſe purſu'd:
No force or ſkill the fatal dart removes;
She raves to find ſhe loves,—but ſtill ſhe loves.
To thouſand ſhapes ſhe could transform mankind,
No means to change her hated ſelf could find.
In theſe ſoft terms, to her departing gueſt,
Her paſſion (to detain him) was expreſt.
"I now no more (as when I firſt receiv'd
"Thoſe hopes and you, by both alike deceiv'd)
"Expect that you with me ſhould paſs your life,
"No more ambitious to be made your wife,
"Tho' ſure my pedigree you cannot ſcorn;
"The daughter of the ſun, a goddeſs born)

"I

reaching from the *Euxine* to the *Adriatic*, the other in that part of *Greece* call'd *Theſſaly*, which was famous for poiſonous herbs, us'd in conjurations.—*i Circe* poiſon'd her huſband, the king of the *Sarmatæ*, and was therefore baniſhed by her ſubjects.

" I but entreat you for a time to ſtay,
" And urge, for your own ſake, the ſhort delay.
" The ſeas are rough, which you have cauſe to fear;
" Wait but a friendlier ſeaſon of the year.
" What haſte? This iſle does no new *Troy* afford,
" No ſecond *Rheſus* to employ our ſword. *k*
" Love revels here, with peaceful myrtle crown'd,
" And mine the only heart that feels a painful wound.
She ſaid.—His crew the ſwelling ſails diſplay,
That bear him and her fruitleſs pray'rs away.
In vain to her enchantments ſhe returns,
Tries all, yet ſtill in hopeleſs flames ſhe burns.
For *Circe*'s ſake, all lovers I adviſe,
That ſpells, as ſenſeleſs things, they wou'd deſpiſe.

The benefits of travel I have told,
Which, for ſick minds, the beſt relief I hold.
But if, through buſineſs, you muſt ſtill remain
In town, and near the author of your pain;
Tho' 'tis a dang'rous neighbourhood, I'll ſhew
What methods there the lover muſt purſue.
He takes the wiſeſt courſe, who from his heart
Does, by meer force, wreſt out th' offenſive dart;
Reſolv'd ſeverely once for all to ſmart.
A maſter of ſuch courage I'll admire;
Such patients will no more advice require.
Who wants this reſolution to be freed
At once, by ſlower methods muſt proceed,
To milder remedies I'll him direct,
Which yet, in time, will have the wiſh'd effect.
Think, till the thought your indignation move,
What damage you've receiv'd, by her you love:
How ſhe has drain'd your purſe; nor yet content,
Till your eſtate's in coſtly preſents ſpent,
And you have mortgag'd your laſt tenement.

How

k He was king of *Thrace*, and aſſiſted the *Trojans* with cavalry, but was defeated and ſlain by *Diomedes* and *Ulyſſes*.

How ſhe did ſwear, and how ſhe was forſworn;
Nor only falſe, but treated you with ſcorn:
And, ſince her avarice has made you poor,
Forc'd you to take your lodgings at her door:
Reſerv'd to you, but others ſhe'll careſs;
The fore-man of a ſhop ſhall have acceſs.
Let theſe reflections on your reaſon win;
From ſeeds of anger, hatred will begin.
Your rhet'ric on theſe topics ſhould be ſpent.
Oh that your wrongs cou'd make you eloquent!
But grieve, and grief will teach you to enlarge,
And, like an orator, draw up the charge.

A certain nymph did once my heart incline,
Whoſe humour wholly diſagreed with mine.
(I, your phyſician, my diſeaſe confeſs)
I from my own preſcriptions found redreſs.
Her ſtill I repreſented to my mind,
With what defects I cou'd ſuppoſe or find.
Oh how ill-ſhap'd her legs, how thick and ſhort!
(Tho' neater limbs did never nymph ſupport.)
Her arms, ſaid I, how tawny brown they are!
(Tho' never ivory ſtatue had ſo fair.)
How low of ſtature! (yet the nymph was tall.)
Oh for what coſtly preſents will ſhe call!
What change of lovers!—And, of all the reſt,
I found this thought ſtrike deepeſt in my breaſt,
Such thin partitions good and ill divide,
That one for t' other may be miſapply'd.
Ev'n truth, and your own judgment, you muſt ſtrain,
Thoſe blemiſhes you cannot find, to feign:
Call her blackmoor, if ſhe's but lovely brown;
Monſter, if plump; if ſlender, ſkeleton.
Cenſure her free diſcourſe as confidence;
Her ſilence, want of breeding, and good ſenſe.

Diſ-

Diſcover her blind ſide, and put her ſtill
Upon the taſk which ſhe performs but ill.
Court her to ſing, if ſhe wants voice and ear;
To dance, if ſhe has neither ſhape nor air:
If talking miſbecomes her, make her taſk;
If walking, then in malice make her walk.
Commend her ſkill when on the lute ſhe plays,
Till vanity her want of ſkill betrays.
Take care, if her large breaſts offend your eyes,
No dreſs do that deformity diſguiſe.
Ply her with merry tales of what you will,
To keep her laughing, if her teeth are ill.
Or if blear-ey'd, ſome tragic ſtory find,
'Till ſhe has read and wept herſelf quite blind,
But one effectual method you may take:
Enter her chamber, e'er ſhe's well awake:
Her beauty's art, gems, gold, and rich attire,
Make up the pageant you ſo much admire;
In all that ſpecious figure which you ſee
The leaſt, leaſt part of her own ſelf is ſhe.'
In vain for her you love, amidſt ſuch coſt,
You ſearch; rhe miſtreſs in the dreſs is loſt.
Take her diſrob'd, her real ſelf ſurpriſe,
I'll truſt you then, for cure, to your own eyes.
(Yet have I known this very rule to fail,
And beauty moſt, when ſtrpt of art, prevail.)
Steal to her cloſet, her cloſe 'tiring place,
While ſhe makes up her artificial face.
All colours of the rainbow you'll diſcern,
Waſhes and paints, and what you're ſick to learn.

I now ſhould treat of what may pall deſire,
And quench in love's own element, the fire,
(For all advantages you ought to make
And arms from love's own magazine to take:)

But

But modeſty forbids at full extent
To proſecute this luſcious argument:
Which, to prevent your bluſhes, I ſhall leave
For your own fancy better to conceive.
For ſome of late cenſoriouſly accuſe
My am'rous liberty, and wanton muſe.
But envy did the wit of *Homer* blame,
Malice gave obſcure *Zoilus* a name. *k*
Thus ſacrilegious cenſure wou'd deſtroy
The pious muſe, who did her art employ. *l*
To ſettle here the baniſh'd gods of *Troy*.
But you who at my freedom take offence,
Diſtinguiſh right, before you ſpeak your ſenſe.
Mæonian ſtrains alone can war reſound,
No place is there for love and dalliance found.
The tragic ſtile requires a tale diſtreſt,
And comedy ſubſiſts of mirth and jeſt.
The tender elegy is love's delight,
Which to themſelves pleas'd miſtreſſes recite.

Cal-

k Vitruvius relates of this *Zoilus*, that having compil'd books againſt *Homer*, and read them to *Ptolemy* king *Egypt*, the king made him no reply, being diſpleaſed that he ſhould preſume to cenſure ſo great a poet. *Zoilus* afterwards being reduced to want, came to beg relief of the ſame *Ptolemy*, who thus anſwered, *What! have the works of* Homer, *after his having been a thouſand years in his grave, been able to maintain millions of men: And cannot you, who pretend your ſelf a greater wit than he, by your writings, maintain one?* *Zoilus* ſome time after was accuſed of parricide, and crucify'd according to the execution then uſed by the ancients in the eaſt. Almoſt all maſters in any of the ſciences have had their *Zoiluſes: Cicero, Ovid*, and even *Virgil* himſelf could not eſcape them. *l* He means *Virgil*, this divine poet, was not ſpared by the malice of ſome falſe critics; which ought to be a comfort to ſuch as do well in the arts, when envy endeavours to wound them.

Callimachus would do *Achilles* wrong;
Cydippe were no theme for *Homer*'s ſong.
What mortal patience could endure to ſee
Thais preſenting chaſte *Andromache*?
Kind *Thais*, (none of *Veſta*'s nuns) ſupplies *m*
My ſong; with *Thais* all my bus'neſs lies:
The actreſs, if my muſe performs with art,
You muſt commend, tho' you diſlike the part.
Burſt envy; I've already got a name;
And, writing more, ſhall more advance my fame.
Deſpair not then, for as I longer live
Each day freſh fuel for your ſpleen ſhall give.
Thus fame's increaſing gale bears me on high,
While tir'd and groveling on the ground you lie?
Soft elegy in ſuch eſteem I've plac'd,
Not *Virgil* more the *Epic* ſtrain has grac'd.
Cenſure did us to this digreſſion force;
Now, muſe, purſue thy interrupted courſe.

When firſt the nymph admits your viſit, ſtay,
And take ſome other beauty in your way;
More ſafely thus your paſſion you may truſt,
When you approach her charms with fainter guſt:
You'll otherwiſe miſconſtrue, for delight,
The eagerneſs of your own appetite,
Deſire does all; the *Grotto*'s cool retreat,
And ſhady grove, relieve in ſummer's heat;
Warm fires in winter: Thirſt makes water ſweat.

Now is the time, your artifice to try,
Act not ſo much the lover as the ſpy:

m The name of a famous courtezan, whom *Menander* endeavoured to repreſent as poſſeſt of all the cunning and qualifications of a perſon of that profeſſion.

For vanity makes all the fair preſume
There's nothing which their charms can miſbecome:
Take this occaſion her defects to find,
When you can fix them deeply in your mind;
In the dull minute of your diſcontents,
(The penſive mood when fated love repents,
To your ſick thoughts her blemiſhes diſplay,
And, for averſion, by thoſe means make way.
Theſe helps you'll ſay are trivial; I confeſs,
Singly they are, but join'd will have ſucceſs.
By one ſmall viper's bite an ox is kill'd; *n*
The foreſt boar by a leſs dog is held.
Unite my precepts, if apart they fail,
And by reſiſtleſs number you'll prevail.

But diff'rent minds for diff'rent methods call,
Nor what cures moſt, will have effect on all.
Ev'n that which makes another's flame expire,
Perhaps may prove but fuel to your fire.
For one, diſguſted with the nymph's undreſs,
Grows cold, and weary of her warm careſs.
Another from his wanton miſtreſs flies,
When he his rival's, recent raptures ſpies,
Like warm deſire! And he but little loves,
Whom ev'ry trifle ſhocks, and nothing moves.
To thoſe I write, (for my advice they need)
Whoſe hardy paſſion can unbaulk'd proceed.
What think you of that lover, who could lie
Conceal'd, to ſee what cuſtom muſt deny?
I to no ſuch undecent means direct,
Not to be practis'd, tho' of ſure effect.

If to exceſs you find your paſſion riſe.
I wou'd, at once, two miſtreſſes adviſe. *o*

Di-

n This is a little malicious on the ſex, and ſhews that the leaſt vice of a miſtreſs is fatal to a lover. — *o* For love when di-

vi-

Divided care will give your mind relief;
What nouriſhed one, may ſtarve the twins of grief.
Large rivers, drain'd in many ſteams, grow dry:
Withdraw its fuel, and the flame will die.
What ſhip can ſafely with one anchor ride?
With ſeveral cables ſhe can brave the tide.
Who can at once two paſſions entertain,
May free himſelf at will from either chain.
If treated ill by her whom you adore,
A kinder nymph your freedom muſt reſtore.
No ſooner *Minos* did fair *Procris* view, *p*
But ſcandal on *Paſiphae*'s fame he threw.
From his firſt charmer ſoon *Alcmæon* fled *q*
Callirhoe once admitted to his bed:
Oenone ſtill had *Paris*'s miſtreſs been, *r*
Had *Paris* fairer *Helen* never ſeen.

So

vided is always leaſt violent. This remedy is not ſo ſure as it is diſhonourable.—*p Procris* to *Plotis*, and not *Prognis*, as 'tis in ſome editions; this *Procris* was a very beautiful woman, with whom *Minos* fell in love. After which he turned off *Paſiphae*, who out of revenge or want, proſtituted herſelf ſcandalouſly.— *q Alcmæon* was the ſon of *Amphiaraus*, and brother of *Amphilochus*; who endeavouring to purifie himſelf for the crime he had committed in murdering his mother *Eriphila*, came to *Phegeus*, father of *Alphefibæa*, to whom he gave his mother's fatal chain, and marry'd her. Afterwards going to viſit *Achelous*, he was enamour'd of his daughter *Callirhoe*; who demanding of him that precious chain, he returned to *Alphefibæa*, to fetch it, but was killed by her brothers *Timeno* and *Axionas*, and bury'd in the *Acropolis* of *Zacynthus*, where grew cypreſs trees, which they call virgins. In the mean time *Alphefibæa*, to revenge her huſband's death, kill'd her two brothers, as *Pauſanias* reports.— *r* She was the daughter of the river *Troas*, according to *Apollodorus*, and of *Xanthus*, according to others. When *Hecuba*, *Priam*'s wife, and *Paris*'s mother, was with child of him, ſhe dream'd ſhe had

So *Progne*'s beauty, tho', a wife endear'd
Her *Tereus*, till *Philomel* appear'd.
But I too long on dry examples dwell:
Some new desire your former must expel.
A fruitful mother with one child can part,
(The rest surviving to support her heart)
But she's impatiently of one bereft,
Who has, alas! no second comfort left.
But lest you think that I new laws decree,
(Tho' proud of the invention I could be)
The same long since wise *Agamemnon* saw;
(What saw he not, who leld all *Greece* in awe!
The beauteous captive to himself he kept; *s*
Her father fondly for his daughter wept.
Why dost thou grieve, old sot? thy daughter's blest,
A royal whore.—But (to assuage the pest)
When with his mistress he was forc'd to part,
The prudent prince ne'er laid the loss to heart.

A-

had a firebrand in her womb, which should consume *Troy* to ashes. To prevent *Priam*'s making him away, *Hecuba* sent him to mount *Ida*, to be bred up in the mean condition of a shepherd, and when he grew up, he marry'd *Oenone*. There he had a vision of the three naked goddesses, and being made arbiter of their beauties, gave the golden apple, upon which was written, *let it be given to the fairest*, to *Venus*, who had promis'd him the fairest woman in the world if he decided the dispute in her favour; *Pallas* tempted him with wisdom, and *Juno* with power, both which he slighted, and preferr'd pleasure. His father afterwards coming to the knowledge of him, and admitting him to court, he from thence went to *Sparta*, stole *Helen*, and *Hecuba*'s dream prov'd but too true.—*s* Her name was *Astynome*, and her father's *Chryses*. He was *Apollo*'s priest; and the god, to revenge the affront offered him in the person of his priest, sent a plague among the *Greeks* for *Agamemnon*'s ravishing her, which was not taken off 'till that king of kings restor'd the young lady to her father by *Calcas*'s advice.

Achilles keeps as fair a lass as she,
Their form, their very names almost agree.
Let him, said he, resign her by consent,
Or he shall feel my kingly power's extent.
If to my subjects this shall give offence,
The name of monarch is a vain pretence,
Rather than reign, and have my love confin'd,
My throne shall to *Therſites* be resign'd†
He said; and, for a charming mistress lost,
Repair'd his suff'rings at another's cost.
Do you this royal precedent pursue,
And quench your former passion by a new.

If you're a stranger to the sex, inquire
Where you may find a mistress to admire.
To learn their haunts my books of love peruse,
Where from a swarm of beauties you may chuse.
But if my precepts have the least pretence
To truth, and if I speak *Apollo*'s sense,
Tho' *Ætna*'s fires within your bosom glow.
Dissemble, and appear more cold than snow.
In spite of torture, still from tears refrain;
Laugh when you have most reason to complain.
Nor do I such severe commands impart,
At once to bid you tear her from your heart;
But counterfeit: You'll prove, in the event,
That careless lover whom you represent.
Oft when the merry round I would not keep,
I've seem'd to nod, and, seeming, fall'n asleep.
I've laught at him, who fool'd away his heart,
Dissembling passion, 'till he felt the smart.
Love comes by use; disuse will love expel:
Learn to feign health, and you will soon be well.

† *Therſites* was the ugliest among the *Greeks*, a great talker, he was one-ey'd, hump-back'd, and lame.

If she has bid you come, and fix'd the night,
Tho' sure that she to mock you did invite,
Yet go; and if you find the door fast lock'd,
Endure the disappointment; be not shock'd.
Nor curse the gate, nor fond entreaties make,
Nor on the threshold a hard lodging take:
And when you see her next, complaints forbear,
Nor in your looks the least resentment wear.
Her pride will stoop, and give your feign'd neglect,
What she deny'd to your sincere respect.
Nor is't enough your mistress thus to cheat,
You on your self must put the same deceit;
Acquaint not your own thoughts with the design,
'Till the work's done, and you have sprung the mine.
For else, 'tis odds, but nature in your heart
Will faction raise, and take your mistress' part.
What you propose will soon effected be,
Your progress, sure, if made with secrecy.
Conceal your nets; if they are spread in sight,
The bird you mean to take, you'll only fright.

Nor suffer her you love, so much to prize
Her charming self, that she may you despise.
Take courage, conscious of your merit seem,
And worthy you'll appear of her esteem.
Ev'n then when you her door wide open spy,
Nay tho' call'd in, yet pass regardless by.
She'll offer you her bed; refuse to take
The favour, or a doubtful answer make.
Let wisdom once but teach you to abstain
From what you wish, you may your wish obtain.
Perhaps at my severe advice you'll start,
But know I act a reconciler's part.
Diseases in a thousand forms are rang'd;
As tempers vary, med'cines must be chang'd.

Some

Some bodies muſt a ſharp long courſe endure,
A ſingle drug on others works a cure.
If your ſoft nature yield to *Cupid*'s ſtroke,
And ſtrength is wanting to reject his yoke;
Forbear againſt the wind and tide to ſtrive,
Slacken your ſail and with the current drive.
For firſt the raging thirſt in which you fry
Muſt be aſſuag'd, ere other means you try;
Drink freely then; nor can you ſafely truſt *w*
To ſatisfaction, drink ev'n to diſguſt.
Viſit your miſtreſs, keep her in your ſight,
Lock'd up all day, and in your arms all night,
Still ſit at board, tho' appetite decay,
And, tho' you find you could be abſent, ſtay;
Indulge deſire, till your deſires are cloy'd;
And love, by too much plenty, is deſtroy'd.

Ev'n fear with paſſion will ſome minds inſpire,
Remove diſtruſt, and paſſion will retire.
Who fears ſome rival ſhould his miſtreſs gain,
Machaon's ſkill can ſcarce relieve his pain. *x*
Since no fond mother for her darling ſon
Feels greater pangs, when to the wars he's gone.

Near the *Salarian* gate a temple's plac'd,
With *Erycinian Venus*' worſhip grac'd;
'Tis there *Lethæan* love cures love's deſire, *y*
Bedews his lamps, and water blends with fire;

There

w This is not the only advice which *Ovid* gives, that has a little too much of *Libertiſm* in it; but he propoſes a leſs evil to avoid a greater.— *x Machaon*, ſon of *Eſculapius*, and brother to *Podilirius*, who both inherited the gift of medicine of their father.— *y. Lethe*, the river of forgetfulneſs. There was one in *Lydia* of that name, another in *Macedon*, another in *Spain*, and another in *Crete*.

There ſweet forgetfulneſs griev'd lovers find,
And injur'd nymphs, whoſe huſbands prove unkind:
There in a viſion, (if a viſion 'twere)
I heard the *Cupid* ſpeak, or ſeem'd to hear.
O thou who doſt ſometimes teach youth to love,
Then rules preſcribe their paſſion to remove:
One powerful precept more let me impart,
Unknown to you, a maſter in the art.
Bid him who loves, and would love's yoke reject,
On his own life's misfortunes oft reflect:
For all have croſſes, 'tis the common lot.
Let him, who deeply into debt is got,
Think on a jail, and how he ſhall ſuſtain [z]
Confinement, more ſevere than *Cupid*'s chain.
Let him who ſerves a rigid father's will,
And ſees his filial duty treated ill,
(Whate'er ſucceſs in other things he find)
Keep ſtill his father's angry looks in mind.
Let him who has that double curſe of life,
At once a ſhrew and beggar to his wife,
Inſtead of gallantry abroad, contrive
Domeſtic famine from his door to drive.
You that are maſters of a gen'rous ſoil,
Look to your vines, employ your careful toil,
Leſt ſudden froſts the hopeful vintage ſpoil.

One

z The poet by the ſwift calends underſtands the month of *January*, when creditors ſued their debtors; and this court was near the temple of *Janus*. They are call'd ſwift calends, for theſe being days of payment, debtors thought they came round very faſt. This thought reflects on the extravagance of lovers, who ſquander away their eſtates, run in debt, and ruin themſelves by their amours. The firſt days of the other months were pay-days, as well of thoſe of *January*, but not terms for ſuing; And from theſe calends *Auguſtus* us'd to ſay of any one that was inſolvent, or would not pay his debts, he will pay at the *Greek* calends. that is, never; the *Greeks* having no calends, as the *Romans* had.

One has a trading veſſel homeward bound;
Let him imagine ſtorms, his ſhip unſound,
Bulg'd, founder'd, wreck'd, and more, ſome barb'rous coaſt
Enrich'd with the dear cargo he has loſt.
Fear for your ſon, who ſerves in the campaign,
And for your daughter be in greater pain.
For mortifying cares you need not roam,
By thouſands they will throng to you at home.
If *Paris*, *Helen*'s charms you would abhor,
Behold your brothers welt'ring in their gore.
Thus ſpake the god, till from my fancy's view
His youthful form, ſleep from my eyes, withdrew.
What ſhall I do, my *Palinurus* gone, *a*
And left to ſteer through untry'd ſeas alone?

But ſolitude muſt never be allow'd;
A lover's ne'er ſo ſafe as in a crowd.
For private places private grief encreaſe;
What haunts you there, in company will ceaſe.
If to the gloomy deſart you repair,
Your miſtreſs' angry form will meet you there.
What makes the night leſs chearful than the day?
Your griefs are preſent, and your friends away.
Nor ſhun diſcourſe, nor make your houſe a cell;
Deſpair and darkneſs ſtill together dwell.
To comfort you, ſome *Pylades* admit,
Which is of friendſhip the chief benefit.

To

a Palinurus was one of *Æneas*'s companions, and his pilot; who falling aſleep at the helm, tumbled with it in his hand into the ſea, and after three days ſwimming arriv'd at port *Velino* in *Italy*, where he was robbed and killed by the inhabitants. For this they were ſeverely plagued, and having conſulted *Apollo*'s oracle, to appeaſe his ghoſt conſecrated a grove to him, and built him a tomb on the next promontory, call'd ſtill by the *Italians* the cape of *Palinurus*.

To death's cold arms what made poor *Phillis* fly?
'Twas leſs her grief, than want of company.
Wild as a bacchanal, her way ſhe took,
With hair diſhevell'd, and diſtracted look;
Far out to ſea ſhe caſt her prying eyes;
Now ſtretch'd upon the ſandy beach ſhe lies:
Faithleſs *Demophoon!* to deaf waves ſhe cry'd,
While ſighs her interrupted words divide.
Hard by a loneſome tree its ſhadow caſt,
As if for ſolitary miſchief plac'd:
'Twas now her ninth ſad viſit to the ſhore;
No ſail appears, and ſhe'll expect no more:
Her nuptial girdle round her waſte was ty'd,
Juſt o'er her head a ſtretching bough ſhe ſpy'd;
She offers, and flies back, dreads what ſhe dares;
And, thus confus'd, the fatal knot prepares.
Now, wretched *Phillis*, while this deed was done,
I could have wiſh'd thou hadſt not been alone.
Let diſappointed lovers warning take
By thee, and never company forſake.

But while ſociety I do preſcribe,
I mean not thoſe of your own ſighing tribe:
For nothing ſure can ſo injurious be
To one in love, as lovers company, *b*
A patient, who my orders did obey,
And to his cure was in a hopeful way,
By keeping lovers company one night,
Relaps'd, beyond my ſkill to ſet him right.
Such dang'rous neighbourhood you muſt avoid:
A flock's by one contagious ſheep deſtroy'd.

If

b There's a ſort of dangerous infection in it. And indeed nothing is more certain, than that what is bad is more eaſily communicated to another, than what is good; which the poet juſtifies by ſimiles, as he is wont to do.

If health you'd keep, ſhun thoſe who are unſound;
By looking on ſore eyes our own we wound;
Dry lands are oft by neighb'ring rivers drown'd.
Love's peſt allows no ſafety but in flight;
And the infected, to infect, delight.

Another, who quite through his courſe had gone,
By living near his miſtreſs was undone.
Raſhly his ſtrength, e'er well confirm'd, he tries,
Too weak to ſtand th' encounter of her eyes.
She meets, and conquers with one ſingle view,
And all his freſh-ſkin'd wounds guſh forth a-new.
To ſave your houſe from neighb'ring fire is hard,
Diſtance from danger is the ſureſt guard.
Avoid your miſtreſs's walks, and ev'n forbear
The civil offices you paid to her.
Change all your meaſures, new affairs purſue;
Find out (if poſſible) a world that's new.
A table ſpread in view gives appetite;
To ſee a guſhing rill does thirſt excite,
To leap their females in a neighb'ring plain,
Your bull will break his fence, your ſteed his rein.
Nor is't enough to quit the nymph, but you
Muſt to her friends and kindred bid adieu;
Nor to your ſight admit the page or maid,
By whom the tender *Billet-Doux*'s convey'd.
And, tho' impatient, ſtifle your deſire;
Nor of her health, nor what ſhe does, enquire.

Ev'n you who powerful reaſons can aſſign,
That 'twas ill-treatment made your love decline:
Forbear complaints, and no invective make;
By ſcornful ſilence, beſt revenge you'll take.
Bury your paſſion in a ſpeechleſs grave,
Deſiſt from love, but do not ſay you have.

If

If over-much you boaſt, the ſymptom's ill;
Who always cries, *I've done with love*, loves ſtill.

To make ſure work, quench leiſurely the fire;
He's ſafe, who can by juſt degrees retire.
A torrent's ſwift, a ſtream does gently glide,
But that's a ſhort, and this a laſting tide;
That love muſt irrecoverably decay,
Which does by atoms waſte itſelf away.

Yet, ev'n humanity muſt needs abhor,
That you ſhould hate the nymph you did adore.
For he diſcovers a meer brutal mind,
Whoſe love to enmity the way confin'd.
A gentle cure is what I recommend;
For he whoſe paſſion can in hatred end
As ſoon may to his firſt deſire return;
His fire does ſtill beneath the embers burn.
To ſee two lovers at outragious odds,
Is ſcandal and offence to men and gods.
Many have rail'd, and yet been reconcil'd,
That minute they their miſtreſſes revil'd.
Others I've known, who parting without ſtriſe,
Have fairly taken leave—but ta'en for life.

A nymph but lately paſſing in her chair,
Met with her lover; (I by chance was there)
He ſtorm'd, and with reproaches fill'd the air.
At laſt, *Come forth thou harlot, come*, he cry'd:
She came; at ſight of her his tongue was ty'd,
The writings in his hand he flings away,
Runs to her arms, and has but pow'r to ſay,
You've conquer'd, and no more I'll diſobey.

Let her the preſents you have ſent retain,
And to a leſs prefer the greater gain.

Weigh

Weigh the advantage by that loſs you reap,
And think the purchaſe of your freedom cheap.

If to her preſence you by chance are driv'n,
Streight recollect the precepts I have giv'n,
Since with your *Amazon* you muſt engage,
To whet your courage, muſter all your rage.
Think on your rival in her chamber kept;
While you, excluded, on her threſhold ſlept.
How falſely ſhe has treated you; and then
More falſely ſworn, to draw you in again.

Study no dreſs when ſhe is to be ſeen,
But wear your garments careleſs as your mien.
Or, if the ſparkiſh mode your fancy ſeize,
Take care it be ſome other nymph to pleaſe.

What moſt retards your cure, I'll now reveal;
And to your own experience dare appeal;
Hoping to be at laſt belov'd, (tho' vain
Thoſe hopes) we linger, and indulge our pain.
T'our own defects, through ſelf-opinion, blind,
We wonder how the fair can be unkind.

Ne'er think that what ſhe ſays or ſwears is true;
She fears the gods no more than ſhe fears you.
Nor truſt her tears, tho' plenteous tears diſtil;
Their eyes are diſciplined to weep at will.
With various art they ſtorm a lovers mind,
Like ſome bleak rock, expos'd to waves and wind.

Nouriſh the juſt reſentments in your heart,
But ne'er declare the reaſon why you part.
For tax'd with crimes, ſhe'll plead her innocence;
And you'll too much incline to her defence.

Contract th' indictment; ſpinning out the charge,
But ſhews you'd have her clear herſelf *at large*.

Nor yet abruptly ſhould you leave the fair,
And like *Ulyſſes* drive them to deſpair:
To no ſuch violent methods I'll adviſe,
Nor aid a lover, while his miſtreſs dies,
I mean not *Cupid*'s purple wings to clip,
Nor break his bow, or feather'd arrows ſtrip.
The counſels that I have are juſt and true,
Do you as faithfully my rules peruſe.
Phœbus, to thee once more for aid I run;
Aſſiſt me, as thou haſt already done.
He comes, he comes, he'll inſtantly appear,
His quiver and his ſounding harpI hear, *c*
Both ſigns moſt certain that the god is near.

Compare your baſtard ſcarlet with the right,
The diff'rence will appear, tho' both are right,
Your charmer ſo by firſt-rate beauties place,
And her defects, by brighter luſtre trace.
Pallas was tall and graceful, ſternly fair,
And *Juno* carry'd a majeſtic air;
Singly they pleas'd, and by each other charm'd,
But both by *Venus*' preſence was diſarm'd.

Nor manhood yet muſt you ſo far diſgrace
As to become the vaſſal of a face,
Nor to meer beauty your devotion pay;
Her breeding, humours, and her manners weigh:
But in the ſcale of an impartial mind;
Or inclination will your judgment blind.

What

c. The ſame *Mercury* gave him, with which he vanquiſh'd *Marſyas*, who challeng'd him to a trial of ſkill in Muſic, for which he was a little too ſeverely puniſh'd

What more I have to ſay, will lie compriz'd
In little room, but muſt not be deſpis'd.
Thoſe ſhort receipts have cures on many done,
And, of that number, I myſelf am one.

The letters ſent you, when your nymph was kind,
Reviſe not, for they'll ſhake your conſtant mind:
But ſay, when you commit them to the fire,
Be this the fun'ral pile of my deſire;
Periſh my love, in this juſt flame expire.
Althea burnt the fatal brand, and knew, *d*
The brand conſuming, her own ſon ſhe ſlew.
Can you, whoſe kindneſs had a worſe return,
Repine, a few deceitful words to burn?
No; make a total ſacrifice, nor ſpare
The very ſeal that does her image bear.

From all ſuch places too you muſt remove,
As ever have been conſcious to your love.
You'll ſay, (and grieve to think thoſe joys are fled)
This was th' appartment, this the happy bed!
The dear remembrance will renew deſire,
And to freſh blaze blow up the ſleeping fire,
The *Greeks* could wiſh t'have ſhun'd th' *Eubian* coaſt, *e*
And vengeful fire, by which their fleet was loſt.

d Althea wife of *Oeneas* king of *Calydonia*, and mother of *Meleagar*, who hearing all her other ſons were kill'd in a ſedition, in a fury flung the brand into the fire, upon which the fate of *Meleager* depended, and then ſtabb'd or hanged herſelf.— *e Nauplius* king of *Eubœa* and *Seriphus*, the father of *Palamedes*, to revenge the death of his ſon, ſet up a watch-light, upon a promontary, which the *Greeks*, being overtaken in a ſtorm, took for a ſignal of a ſafe landing-place, and ſo fell in among the rocks, as *Nauplius* intended it: But he finding *Ulyſſes* had eſcap'd in a rage threw himſelf into the ſea.

Wiſe ſailors tack, when *Scylla*'s rock they ſpy; *f*
So you ſhould from your miſtreſs' dwelling fly,
There ſtands the rock on which you ſplit before,
Imagine there you hear *Charybdis* roar. *g*

But chance it ſelf ſometimes may ſtand your friend,
And give your griefs an unexpected end.
Had *Phædra*'s wealth to poverty declin'd,
She never for *Hippolitus* had pin'd.
O were *Medea* born a rural maid,
No faithleſs *Jaſon* had implor'd her aid.
But love in pamper'd palaces is bred,
By pleaſure and luxurious riches fed,
Not *Hecale* or *Irus* could arrive *h*
At *Hymen*'s joy, tho' long they did ſurvive:
For both were poor; and *Cupid* ſtill ſhoots high,
His ſhafts above the humble cottage fly.
Yet ſo ſevere a cure I can't approve,
Or bid you ſtarve your ſelf, to ſtarve your love.

But ne'er frequent the wanton theatre,
Where vain deſires in all their pomp appear;
From muſic, dancing, and an am'rous part, *i*
Perform'd to th' life, how can you guard your heart?

Againſt

f 'Tis ſaid that *Scylla*, daughter of *Niſus*, falling in love with *Minos*, who had beſieg'd *Megara*, of which her father was king, ſhe cut off that lock of hair on which his ſtrength and fortune depended; and the city being taken, he was turn'd into an oſprey. *Minos* afterwards ſlighting *Scylla*, ſhe dy'd of deſpair, and was metamorphoſed into a lark.—*g* This rock lyes over-againſt *Zanclea* in *Sicily*, at the entrance of the ſtreights of *Maſſina*.—*h Hecale* was a poor old woman, who entertain'd *Theſeus* at her cottage in one of his enterpriſes; and *Irus* one of *Penelope*'s ſuiters, who being extremely poor was almoſt ſtarved, and ſo weak that *Ulyſſes* knock'd him o' the head with his fiſt. *Irus*'s poverty occaſion'd the proverb *Iro pauperior*.—*i* Meaning that of the *Mimes*, where

the

Againſt my ſelf, I frank confeſſion make;
Into your Hands no am'rous poet take, *k*
Whoſe *Syren* muſes draw the liſt'ning throng,
And charm them into ruin, by their ſong.
Callimachus firſt from your ſight remove,
Baniſh *Philetas* next; they are friends to love.
How oft have *Sappho*'s odes ſet me on fire!
Who can contain, that hears *Anacreon*'s lyre?
Who reads *Tibullus*, muſt his paſſion feel;
Propertius can diſſolve a heart of ſteel:
Nor *Gallus* fails the coldeſt breaſt to warm;
And ev'n my muſe has found the art to charm.

But if *Apollo*, who conducts my ſong,
Secure me in this point from gueſſing wrong;
The pain with which moſt ſenſibly you're griev'd,
Is on th' account of jealouſy conceiv'd.
No fear of rivals muſt your heart torment;
For, true or falſe, yet for your own content,
At leaſt perſuade your ſelf that you have none;
And that the harmleſs creature ſleeps alone.
Oreſtes ne'er could find his nymph had chanms,
'Till he beheld her in another's arms.
Why *Menelaus*, doſt thou now take on?
In *Crete* you long could faintring ſtay alone;
Your *Helen*'s abſence ne'er diſturb'd your reſt:
No ſooner fled ſhe, with her *Trojan* gueſt,
The royal cuckold raves, and he muſt make
A ten years war to fetch the harlot back.
'Twas on this ſcore the fierce *Achilles* wept;
With *Agamemnon* his *Briſeis* ſlept.

the poſtures were very debauch'd, and the ſight o' them dangerous to manners.— *k* Soft poems, elegies of love, and pleaſant ſongs, revive amorous fancies and ſhould be avoided.

Good cauſe to weep, the maiden toy was got,
Or great *Alcides* was a ſov'reign ſot.
His game of love were *Ovid* to have plaid,
The poet had the better hero made.
At laſt with gifts he did the laſs reſtore,
And that ſhe was untouch'd profoundly ſwore.
Swore by his ſceptre;— nor can that ſeem odd;
He knew his ſceptre but a wooden god.

O could you once arrive but to the pow'r
As, unconcern'd, to paſs your Miſtreſs' door:
Strongly reſolve, tho' ne'er ſo loth to ſtir,
For now's the time to ſtretch with whip and ſpur.
Think there's the *Syren*'s den, the deadly bay, *l*
Make all the ſail you can and ſcud away.
Your fond reſentment quit, and condeſcend
To take your very rival for your friend.
Salute him kindly, tho' with deep regret;
Embrace him, I'll pronounce your cure compleat.

Now to perform a true phyſician's part,
And ſhew i'm perfect maſter of my art;
I will preſcribe what diet you ſhall uſe,
What food you ought to take, and what refuſe
Muſhrooms of ev'ry ſort provoke deſire,
Salacious rocket ſets your veins on fire:
The plant I'd recommend is wholeſome rue,
It clears the ſight, and does the blood ſubdue:

But,

l In the original *Lotophages*, that is, eaters of the fruit of a certain tree call'd *Lotos*. The *Lotophages* were a people of *Africa*, who, as *Strabo* writes, inhabited an iſland call'd *Meninge*: *Ulyſſes*'s company having taſted of this country fruit, thought no more of their return, ſo delicious did they think it. The tree was as big as a pear-tree, and the fruit about the bigneſs of a bean, of a ſaffron colour, and extremely ſweet, but it chang'd its nature if tranſplanted into *Italy*. The *Syrens* are reported to ſing off of this ſhore.

But, in a word, of all the herbs that grow,
Take only ſuch as keep the body low.
If my opinion you wou'd have of wine,
It quenches love, and does to love incline.
A little breath of wind but fans the fire,
Whoſe flame will in a greater blaſt expire.
In wine you muſt no moderation keep:
You muſt not drink at all; or drink ſo deep,
So large a doſe, as puts your cares to ſleep.

Now to our port we are arriv'd; bring down
The jolly wreath, our weary bark to crown. *m*
Your grief redreſt, and now a happy throng,
Ye nymphs and youths applaud my healing ſong.

m The poet having finiſh'd his work, demands a time of reſt, to enjoy the glory he had deſerv'd by his labour, as the ſeamen when they enter their port after a long voyage: It being the cuſtom to adorn the ſhip with garlands on ſuch occaſions.

OVID's

ART of BEAUTY.

ONCE more ye fair attend your maſter's ſong,
And learn what method will your charms prolong:
What happy art beſt recommends the face,
What heightens beauty; what preſerves a grace.
Art improves nature; 'twas by art we found
The vaſt advantage of the furrow'd ground;
The ſoil manur'd, a fruitful harveſt bore,
Where thorns and hungry brambles grew before.
By art the gard'ner grafts his trees, to bear
A kinder fruit and recompence his care,
A gilded roof delights our captive eyes,
And ſtately monuments the ſight ſurpriſe
Tho' ſordid earth beneath the poliſh'd marble lies,
The fleece may be with royal purple dy'd,
And *India* precious ivory provide,
To pleaſe your fancies, and ſupply your pride.

When *Tatius* rul'd the antient *Sabine* race,
Then, rough, and careleſs of a handſome face,
The women took more pains to earn their bread
At plow, and cart, than how to dreſs the head;

All

All day their taſk the buſy matrons ply'd,
Or ſpinning fate, as to their diſtaffs ty'd,
The mother then at night would fold the ſheep,
Her little daughter us'd by day to keep.
And when at home would cleave out logs of wood,
Or kindle up a fire to boil their food.

But you, by nature form'd in finer moulds,
Muſt wrap your tender limbs in ſilken folds;
Wear lawns, and tiſſue, ſleep in damaſk beds,
And with gay knots and wires adorn your heads.
Your ears with pendants, lockets on your arms;
Beſides a thouſand other nameleſs charms.
Nor needs this care to pleaſe a bluſh create;
The men themſelves have learn'd to dreſs of late:
You are not now particular in cloaths,
The huſband and the bridegroom both are beaux,
Dreſs then, (and 'tis no ſin to dreſs with art)
For that's the way to wound the lover's heart.

Ev'n thoſe that live remote in country towns,
Will dreſs their hair with flowers, and daiſy crowns,
And deck and prank themſelves to pleaſe the clowns.
Beſides, all women take a ſecret pride
In being fine, (or elſe they are bely'd;)
For when the conſcious maid the glaſs explores,
And finds ſhe's handſome, ſhe herſelf adores.
Thus *Juno*'s bird with ſilent pride will raiſe,
And ſpread his ſtarry plumes, when-e'er he meets with praiſe.

This method will oblige our ſex to love,
And more than magic herbs their paſſions move.
Truſt not to philtres, all ſuch ſtuff forbear,
Nor try the venom of the luſtful mare;

'Tis

'Tis all a jeſt—no ſnakes by ſuch a force
Enchanted burſt, no rivers change their courſe:
Nor can they make the moon from heav'n deſcend;
Whate'er ſome ſuperſtitious fools pretend.

Firſt learn good breeding, that I firſt adviſe;
Good carriage oft the other wants ſupplies.
For when ill-natur'd age ſhall rudely plow
Injurious furrows on your wrinkled brow,
You then perhaps may chide the tell-tale glaſs,
That ſhews the frightful ruins of your face:
But if good humour to the laſt remain,
Ev'n age may pleaſe, and love his force retain.

Now on, my muſe; and tell 'em, when they riſe,
When downy ſleep forſakes their tender eyes,
How they may look as fair as morning ſkies.
Vetches and beaten barley let them take,
And with the whites of eggs a mixture make;
Then dry the precious paſte with ſun and wind,
And into powder very gently grind.
Get harts-horn next, (but let it be the firſt
That creature ſheds,) and beat it well to duſt.
Six pound in all: then mix and ſift them well,
And think the while how fond *Narciſſus fell*;
Six roots to you that penſive flower muſt yield
To mingle with the reſt, well brus'd, and cleanly peil'd.
Two ounces next of gum, and thural ſeed,
That for the gracious gods does incenſe breed,
And let a double ſhare of honey laſt ſucceed.
With this whatever damſel paints her face,
Will need no flattering glaſs to ſhew a grace.

Nor fear to break the *Lupine* ſhell in vain,
Take out the ſeeds, then cloſe it up again,
But do it quick, and grind both ſhell and grain;

Six

Six pound of each: take *fineſt ceruſe* next,
With *flower de lis*, and ſnow of nitre mixt:
Theſe let ſome brawny beater ſtrongly pound,
That makes the mortar with loud ſtrokes reſound;
'Till juſt an ounce the compoſition's found.
Add next the froth, of which the *Halcyon* builds
Her floating neſt a precious balm it yields,
That clears the face from freckles in a trice:
Of this about three ounces may ſuffice.
But ere you uſe it, rob the labouring bee,
To fix the maſs, and make the parts agree.
Then add your nitre, but with ſpecial care,
And take of frankincenſe an equal ſhare;
Tho' frankincenſe the angry gods appeaſe,
We muſt not waſte it all their luxury to pleaſe.
To this put a ſmall quantity of gum,
With ſo much myrrh, as may the reſt perfume.
Let theſe, well beat, be thro' a ſcarce refin'd,
And ſee you keep the honey all behind.

A handful too of well-dry'd roſe-leaves take,
With frankincenſe and *Sal-amoniac*:
Of frankincenſe a double potion uſe;
Then into theſe the oil of malt infuſe.
Thus in ſhort time a roſy bluſh will grace,
And with a thouſand charms ſupply the face.
Some too, in water, leaves of poppies bruiſe,
And ſpread upon their cheeks the purple juice.

Immodest Words admit of no Defence
For Want of Decency is Want of Sense

THE COURT of LOVE:

A

VISION.

AND THE

HISTORY of LOVE.

Imitated from *OVID*'s WORKS,

By Several EMINENT HANDS.

To which is added,

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

PART SECOND.

Printed in the Year MDCCLIX.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE COURT of LOVE.

A VISION.

By *CHAUCER.*

PART I.

ONCE as I lay, by heavy ſleep oppreſs'd,
With this ſtrange whim my fancy was poſſeſs'd;
I dreamt that *Cupid* call'd me to his court
On mount *Cithera*, where his ſlaves reſort
Where *Venus*, queen and *Goddeſs*, fills the throne,
Her kingdoms ſharing with her darling ſon:
There was I ſtraight commanded to appear,
By *Mercury*, the winged meſſenger:
Away I went, through ſtrange and diſtant lands,
The coaſt enquiring where *Love*'s palace ſtands;
At laſt a crowd of travellers I found,
And aſk'd them whither they ſo faſt were bound:
One, looking like a maid, cry'd gentle friend,
To *Cupid*'s court our willing ſteps we bend:
Oh! where's his court? ſaid I: The nymph reply'd,
High on *Cithera* ſtands, with tow'ring pride,
A ſtately caſtle, his imperial ſeat,
In which he lives magnificently great.

Her ſteps I follow'd 'till my eager ſight,
Reaching the hill, found her deſcription right:
Amaz'd I ſaw the building large and ſtrong,
Vaſt were the domes, the marble turrets long,
But gold and jewels hid the maſſy ſtone,
And ſtretching to the ſkies, with luſture ſhone:
Saphires and rubies mingled various lights,
More ſparkling than the ſtars in winter nights;
And *Phœbus* darted on this happy place
His luſtre, to regain the *Queen*'s good grace;
For changing once unluckily to find
Mars in her arms, he had enrag'd her mind;
But now to pleaſe th' offended *Queen* he ſtrove,
Which ſhew'd his longing for the ſweets of love.
For all the *Gods* that on *Olympus* dwell,
Ev'n *Jove* and *Pluto*, kings of heaven and hell,
All things that live on earth, or breathe above,
The mighty joys of this beſt realm approve.
Arriv'd at court, I found the palace-rooms
Adorn'd with hangings made in coſtly looms:
Fair maids I met, that mov'd with heav'nly grace,
And young men, walking with a luſty pace;
Old men I ſaw too, but I could not dream
What ſervice *Venus* could receive from them.
Penſive I ſtood, and fearful to be ſeen,
'Till one I ſpy'd belonging to the queen,
Call'd *Philomel*; I knew her once a maid,
But all her life ſhe lov'd: My friend, ſhe ſaid,
Welcome to *Cupid*'s *Court*; but you I fear,
Receive from *Mercury* a ſummons here.
I anſwer'd, Yes: She ſaid, your negligence
Will then be thought a wilful dire offence;
For all that live in luxury and eaſe,
By nature form'd the charming ſex to pleaſe,

And

To this fam'd palace early ſhou'd repair,
And haſten to the ſervice of the fair;
But you that abſent durſt ſo long remain,
Without a boat had better croſs the main,
Than bear the curſe that diſobedience draws
On bold contemners of love's ſacred laws:
For no unhappy men ſuch torments bear,
As wretches doom'd to feel affliction here.
Soon they perceive their appetites decay'd,
Love makes their health decreaſe, their colour fade.
Long ſince I tempted you to *Cupid*'s court:
Now he'll receive you with a ſullen port.
Perhaps repentance may the god aſſwage;
But why would you ſo long provoke his rage?
I anſwer'd thus:——With ſorrow I repent,
Wretch that I am, a life ſo vainly ſpent:
And, having ſpoke, by her I ſtraight was led
To a vaſt hall, with various carpets ſpread,
And cloth of gold; on which I wondring found
A throne of ſtate, erected from the ground,
Where *Venus* ſat, with her imperial ſon;
Each had a ſcepter, and a radiant crown.
To ſee their pomp I could 'till now have ſtood
Thoughtleſs of drink and deſtitute of food;
The pleaſures of the fam'd *Elyſian* field,
Can no ſuch rapture to a ſtranger yield:
No wonder *Venus*, bleſs'd with ſuch a mein,
And ſuch a perſon, reigns, of beauty queen.
Her golden hair, diſhevell'd, criſp, and long,
In eaſy curls, around her ſhoulders hung:
And every beam that's darted from her eyes.
Piercing and ſharp, like pointed arrows flies.
The *King of Love* had danger by his ſide,
The *Queen* deſpair: And looking further wide,
Attendance, fear, and flattery, I view'd,
And hope, with ſtrength above the reſt endu'd;

And wrinkled jealouſy with young delight,
Open and free and chearful to the ſight;
And envy lurking in a ſecret place,
Lean was her body, leering was her face;
Repining at the fortunate ſhe ſate,
And at that diſtance one might ſee her fret.
Below the throne, an humble ſighing crowd
With preſſing ſuits, and warm petitions bow'd.
Then *Philomel* I aſk'd, whence came the tide
Of all thoſe thronging ſuppliants? She reply'd,
From diverſe realms they come: Thoſe dreſs'd in blue
Shew, by that colour, they have ſtill been true:
The men in black lament, that thoſe they love
Are ſick, or dead, or that they cruel prove.
What makes thoſe prieſts ſaid I, in court appear?
Have they the privilege of ſerving here?
The dame reply'd, full many maids can tell
None are more welcome, and none ſerve ſo well.
While thus I view'd, with *Philomel*, the crowd,
A herald from the king cry'd out aloud,
Come all ye ſtrangers, to the throne draw near,
And inſtantly before the king appear.
In haſte I ran, and kneel'd before the throne,
All pale and trembling; as a wretch undone:
The king look'd ſternly, and demanded, why
I came ſo late, and what I cou'd reply?
Weeping, I anſwer'd, Oh, my ſov'reign lord,
One act of mercy to your ſlave afford;
If yet, a rebel both in word and thoughts,
I never lov'd ſo truly as I ought;
I will henceforth endeavour to fulfil
The juſt decrees of your almighty will.
Well, all is pardon'd, he reply'd, if now
To me allegiance and true faith you'll vow:
Then ſtraight he call'd an officer of ſtate,
His Name is *Rigour*, ſolemn was his gate,

And

And grim his look, unmov'd with gold or prayer;
A ſtatute book he brought, and ſaid, "You ſwear
"True to remain, in deed, in thought, and word,
"To *Venus*, and her ſon, your ſov'reign lord.
"To love one fair, unchangeably 'till death,
"And own your paſſion with your lateſt breath:
"To bear the various temper of her mind,
"And let her will your juſt obedience find:
"To give the honour to her virtue due,
"And think all tales that blaſt her fame, untrue:
"To ſwear her conduct is *exactly* right,
"And in defence of that opinion, *fight*:
"To find what preſent or device ſhe loves,
"And oft to ſend her what ſhe moſt approves:
"To write, to dreſs, to practice ev'ry art
"Your ſelf to recommend, and gain her heart:
"To take no pleaſure, abſent from her ſight,
"But by reflecting on your paſt delight;
"Nor abſence long endure, but juſtly chuſe,
"Rather than live from her, your life to loſe.
All this I ſwore; and as I turn'd the book,
On other ſtatutes of the realm to look,
Rigour cry'd out, hold, traitor to the queen,
Thoſe ſacred ſtatutes are not to be ſeen:
Thoſe are the laws for woman-kind ordain'd,
That with men's eyes were never yet prophan'd;
Nor even with mine, tho' I on *Venus* wait,
Long truſted with her deep affairs of ſtate.
Believe me friend, mankind muſt ſtill deſpair
To know the rules and maxims of the fair;
And when you ſee 'em change with ev'ry wind,
Themſelves indulging, to their ſlaves unkind,
Conclude their duty to theſe laws they pay;
Which, though unwillingly, they muſt obey.
Now ſeek the temple of the queen of love,
And may her ſon your juſt deſires approve:

All you whoſe choice is made, her grace implore,
To ſerve and pleaſe the ladies you adore;
And each that wants a miſtreſs, pray to find
By her propitious aid, ſome beauty kind.
We all obey'd the words that *Rigour* ſpoke,
Devoutly, ſlow and eaſy ſteps we took,
Entring the temple, which fam'd artiſts built,
Soft was the front, the lovely roof was gilt;
The chearful quire with well-carv'd works was lin'd,
And am'rous paintings on the pillars ſhin'd.
There *Dido*, that unhappy dying queen,
With falſe *Æneas*, in one piece was ſeen:
And other pictures round the walls were ſpread,
Of men and maids, for love untimely dead.
Rais'd in the middle iſle, fond ſouls to awe,
A golden image of the queen we ſaw;
This all ador'd: Some looking freſh and fair,
Some worn with grief, or blaſted by deſpair:
Some in new mantles dreſs'd; and ſome in old,
Like half-ſtarv'd beggars, ugly to behold.
Some pale as death appear'd; ſome glow'd like fire,
Confeſſing ſo their inward fierce deſire:
Theſe with their loud complaints the queen beſought
To cure thoſe ills, that cruel love had wrought;
And puniſh all ſuch authors of their woes,
As mock'd their ſufferings, or had broke their vows.
But all the happy there, whoſe envy'd lives
Were bleſs'd with joys, which bounteous *Venus* gives,
Cry'd, goddeſs, hail! propitious to redreſs
The cares of mortals, and their hearts to bleſs;
May no diviſions in your realm be found,
Since the whole world in love's ſoft chains is bound:
This is the life of joy your vot'ries know,
Who feel their bliſs of paradiſe below;
Love cures our vices, and refines our hearts;
The ſource of manners, induſtry, and parts:

Ho-

Honour to you, celeſtial queen, we pay,
Whoſe minds are lighted with your beauty's ray.
Taught by the prayers theſe happy lovers made,
I try'd my wit, and thus devoutly ſaid:
Faireſt of all that e'er in nature ſhin'd,
Light of the world, and comfort of mankind,
To you, O goddeſs, I my heart bequeath,
Freely beſtow a thing that's yours 'till death;
Yours be the choice, I only wiſh to find
A faithful miſtreſs, beautiful, and kind:
No woman yet my ſettled paſſion moves,
One I have ſeen, whom moſt my ſoul approves;
Of ſtature low, caſt in a lovely mould,
Healthful and young, with hair more bright than gold;
Her looks are freſh, her countenance demure,
Her eyes, tho' killing, look like cryſtal pure:
Her could I ſerve; but if your high decree
That fair denies, ſome other find for me,
With whom in pleaſure I may ſpend my life;
My miſtreſs, empreſs, any thing but wife:
So will I always ſacrifice to you,
And with *Diana* conſtant war purſue;
A fig for her and all her chaſtity,
Let monks and friars her diſciples be.
Thus in the temple having ſaid my prayer,
Another image I diſcover'd there;
A tender maid, ſaid *Philomel*, does claim
That ſacred ſhrine, and *Pity* is her name:
In all the court, none knows ſo well the art
To help a lover, or to ſave a heart;
Her all-commanding inter'ſt cannot fail;
Gain but her friendſhip, and you muſt prevail.
Now you ſhall ſee the faireſt thing alive,
Come on with me, and by your carriage ſtrive
To pleaſe a lady of the niceſt taſte,
Whoſe air is prudent, as her life is chaſte,

Call'd

Call'd *Roſalinda*; could you gain her grace,
Well might you bleſs the goddeſs of this place:
Take care your ſenſe and modeſty to ſhew,
She hates a pert, inſipid, prating beau.
Then ſtraight ſhe led me to a ſpacious room,
Where *Roſalinda* ſate in beauty's bloom:
At the firſt ſight a ſhiv'ring pain I found
In all my veins, my heart receiv'd a wound;
I dreaded much to ſpeak, my voice was broke,
Yet when my ſighs permitted, thus I ſpoke;
Accept my ſervice, thou celeſtial fair,
And oh! relieve a dying lover's care;
To your commands my painful heart I bind,
And have for ever liberty reſign'd.
She made no anſwer, and I ſoon retir'd,
To preſs not daring, though by love inſpir'd;
But ſtill her image dwelt within my breaſt,
Too excellent to be in verſe expreſs'd.
Her head is round, and flaxen is her hair,
Her eye-brows darker, but her fore-head fair;
Straight is her noſe; her eyes like emeralds bright;
Her well-made cheeks are lovely read and white;
Short is her mouth, her lips are made to kiſs,
Roſy and full, and prodigal of bliſs;
Her teeth like iv'ry are, well ſiz'd, and even:
And to her breath etherial ſweets are given:
Her hands are ſnowy white, and ſmall her waſte,
And what is yet untold is ſure the beſt.
Had *Jove* himſelf beheld this heav'nly fair,
Caliſto never had been made a ſtar;
He ne'er had born *Europa* on his back,
Nor turn'd a mortal for *Alcmena*'s ſake;
Nor try'd the virtue of a golden ſhower,
To enter *Danae*'s well-defended tower:
For all their beauties had too mean appear'd,
With *Roſalinda*'s matchleſs charms compar'd.

Soon

Soon I return'd her heav'nly form to view,
For ſtill my wound's impreſſion deeper grew;
And thus I ſpoke. O nature's boaſted pride,
For torments caus'd by you, ſome cure provide;
Prais'd be my fate, and ever bleſs'd the hour,
That made me ſubject to your lawful pow'r:
Not *Antony* could greater paſſion boaſt,
Though for one woman the whole world he loſt.
She anſwer'd, friend, your ſervice I diſclaim;
Who are you, pray? Whence come you? What's your name?
Men call me *Celadon*, in verſe I write,
And ſongs at home, with ſome applauſe, indite:
Oh, why is ev'ry flower and pleaſing root,
That in the muſes happy garden ſhoot,
Deny'd me now? And why muſt I deſpair,
With ſweets of verſe, to charm the brighteſt fair?
Thus, gentle muſe, my humble breaſt inſpire
With ſacred numbers, and celeſtial fire;
And, *Pallas*, thy propitious light convey,
To chace the miſt of ignorance away—.
Peace, rhiming fool, and learn henceforth to make
A fitter choice; your woman you miſtake.
O mercy, *Venus!* mercy from above!
Why would you curſe me with ſuch hopeleſs love?
Behold the moſt abandon'd ſoul on earth;
Ill was I got, and woful was my birth.
Unleſs ſome pity on my pains you ſhed,
The froſty grave will quickly be my bed.
Thus having ſpoke, my voice began to fail,
My colour ſunk, and turn'd like aſhes pale;
I ſwoon'd, and down I fell. Thou ſlave, ariſe,
Cry'd *Roſalinda*; now thy love I prize.
I only try'd thy heart; and ſince I find
'Tis ſoft and tender, know that mine is kind:
Swear but to keep the oath you lately took,
And I'll be not ſo cruel as I look.

Her

Her eyes then languiſh'd, and her face grew red,
And ſqueezing faſt my hand, ſhe laughing ſaid,
I know a way thy paſſion to appeaſe,
And ſoon will ſet thy ſimple heart at eaſe.
But e'er ſhe brought me to her promis'd bed,
The rapture wak'd me, and the viſion fled.

END of the FIRST PART.

THE

THE HISTORY OF LOVE.

By *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

PART II.

YE Woods, and wilds, ſerene and bleſt retreats,
At once the lovers, and the muſes ſeats;
To you I fly, to you, ye ſacred groves,
To tell my wond'rous tale of wond'rous loves.
Thee, *Delia*, thee ſhall ev'ry ſhepherd ſing,
With thy dear name the neighb'ring woods ſhall ring,
No name but thine ſhall on their barks be found,
With none but thine ſhall echoing hills reſound.
My verſe, thy matchleſs beauties ſhall proclaim,
'Till thine out-rivals *Sacharissa*'s fame.
My verſe ſhall make thee live, while woods ſhall grow,
While ſtars ſhall ſhine, and while the ſeas ſhall flow;

While

While those entertain a tender thought,
Or am'rous youth, or love-sick brain to read.
Others may artfully the passions move,
In me alone 'tis natural to love:
While the world sees me write in such a strain,
As shews, I only feel, what others feign
Thou darling of my youth, my life's delight,
By day my vision, and my dream by night;
Thou, who alone doſt all my thoughts infuse,
And art at once, my miſtreſs, and my muſe:
Inſpir'd from thee, flows every ſacred line,
Thine is the poetry, the poet thine.
Thy ſervice ſhall my only buſineſs be,
And all my life employ'd in pleaſing thee.
Crown'd with my ſongs of thee, each day ſhall move,
And ev'ry lift'ning ſun hear naught but love.
With flowing numbers, ev'ry page ſhall roll,
Where, as you read my verſe, receive my ſoul.
Should ſenſe, and wit, and art, refuſe to join,
In all I write, and fail my great deſign:
Yet with ſuch paſſion ſhall my lines be crown'd,
And ſo much ſoftneſs in my poem found,
Such moving tenderneſs; the world ſhall ſee,
Love could have been deſcrib'd by none but me.
Let *Dryden* from his works, with juſtice, claim
Immortal praiſe; I from my ſacred flame,
Draw all my glory, challenge all my fame.

Believe me, *Delia*, lovers have their wars,
And *Cupid* has his camp, as well as *Mars*.
That age which ſuits a ſoldier beſt, will prove
The fitteſt for the ſharp fatigues of love.
None but young men the toils of war can bear,
None but young men can ſerve and pleaſe the fair.
Youth, with the foe maintains the vig'rous fight,
Youth, gives the longing maid the full delight.

Great

On either hand, like hardſhip it ſuſtains,
Great are the ſoldier's, great the lover's pains.
Th' event of war no gen'ral can foreknow,
And that alas! of love is doubtful too.
In various fields, whatever chance ſhall fall,
The ſoldier muſt reſolve to bear it all.
With the like conſtancy muſt lovers wait,
Enduring bad, and hoping better fate.
Thro' doubts, and fears, deſires and wiſhes toſt,
Undaunted, they muſt ſtrain to reach the coaſt.
All will a while look hideous to their eye,
The threatning ſtorm ſtill thick'ning in the ſky,
No ſight of land, no friendly harbour nigh.
Yet thro' all this, the ven'rous lover ſteers,
To reap the golden crop that beauty bears.
So the bold mariners the ſeas explore,
Tho' winds blow hard, and waves like thunder roar,
Rather than live in poverty on ſhore.
Embolden'd thus, let every youth ſet ſail,
And truſt to fortune for a proſp'rous gale:
Let them launch boldly from the lazy ſhore,
Nor fear a ſtorm which will at laſt blow o'er.
Set all the reins to all their paſſions free,
Give wings to their deſires; and love like me.

Happy that Youth, who when his ſtars incline
His ſoul to love, can make a choice like mine.

ADMIRATION.

Thee, *Delia*, all that ſee thee muſt admire,
And mankind in its own deſpight deſire.
As a blind man, reſtor'd to ſudden ſight,
Starts in amaze at the firſt flaſh of light;
So was I ſtruck, ſuch ſudden wonder knew,
When my eyes dazzl'd with the ſight of you.

I ſaw whatever could enflame deſire,
Parch up the veins, and ſet the blood on fire.
From ev'ry charm the pointed lightning came,
And faſt, as they diſpers'd, I caught the flame.
Like ſtars your glittering eyes were ſeen to ſhine,
And roll with motions that were all divine.
Where majeſty, and ſoftneſs, mingled meet,
And ſhew a ſoul, at once, ſublime and ſweet.
I gaz'd, and as I gaz'd from ev'ry view
New wonders I deſcry'd, new paſſion drew.
Nor were the charms leſs pow'rful of your tongue,
My raviſh'd ſoul on ev'ry accent hung,
Glow'd when you ſpoke, and melted when you ſung.
Thoſe lips unopen'd, cannot fail to move,
But ſilently are eloquent in love;
That face and neck, thoſe ſhoulders, hands, and arms,
Each limb, each feature, has peculiar charms,
Each of itſelf might ſingly win a ſoul,
And never need th' aſſiſtance of the whole.
On this one part a poet's praiſe might dwell,
Did not this other part deſerve as well.
Beauty is ſurely near ally'd to wit,
Of which none can the juſt deſcription hit;
By their own ſelves they may be ſhewn the beſt,
And only are, in being ſeen, expreſt.
Beauty's true charms no poem can preſent,
Which but imperfectly are done in paint.
That too comes ſhort of life, and only takes
Faint images of thoſe which nature makes.

LE-

LEANDER's EPISTLE to HERO.

Leander *accuſtomed nightly to ſwim over the* Helleſpont *to viſit* Hero *(prieſteſs of* Venus' *temple) being at laſt hinder'd by ſtorms from his wonted courſe, ſent her the following epiſtle.*

READ this; yet be not troubled, when you read,
Your lover comes not in his letter's ſtead.
On you all health, all happineſs attend,
Which I would much, much rather bring, than ſend.
But now theſe envious ſtorms obſtruct my way,
And only this bold bark durſt put to ſea.
I too had come, had not my parents ſpies
Stood by to watch me with ſuſpicious eyes.
How many tideous days and nights are paſt,
Since I was ſuffer'd to behold you laſt?
Ye ſpiteful gods, and goddeſſes, who keep
Your wat'ry courts within the ſpacious deep,
Why at this time, are all the winds broke forth?
Why ſwell the ſeas beneath the furious north?
'Tis ſummer now, when all ſhould be ſerene;
The ſkies unclouded, undiſturbed the main;
Winter is yet unwilling to appear,
But you invert the ſeaſons of the year.
Yet let me once attain the wiſh'd-for heach,
Out of the now malicious *Neptune*'s ~~ſtorm~~: Beach
Then blow, ye winds; ye troubled billows roar;
Roll on your ang'ry waves, and laſh the ſhore.

Ruſſle

Ruffle the ſeas, drive the tempeſtuous air;
Be one continued ſtorm, to keep me there.
Ah! *Hero*, when to you my courſe is bent,
I ſeem to ſlide along a ſmooth deſcent.
But in returning thence, I clamber up,
And ſcale, methinks, ſome loſty mountain's top.
Why, when our ſouls by mutual love are join'd,
Why are we ſunder'd by the ſea and wind?
Either make my *Abydos* your retreat,
Or let your *Seſtos* be my much-lov'd ſeat.
This plague of abſence I can bear no more,
Come what can come, I'll ſhortly venture o'er.
Not all the rage of ſeas, nor force of ſtorms,
Nothing but death ſhall keep me from thy arms:
Yet may that death at leaſt ſo friendly prove,
To float me to the coaſt of her I love.
Let not the thought occaſion any fear;
Doubt not, I will be ſoon, and ſafely, there:
But 'till that time, let this employ your hours,
And ſhew you, that I can be none but yours.

Mean while the veſſel from the land withdrew,
When heav'n took pity on a love ſo true;
The winds to blow, the waves to toſs forbore,
In leaps the raviſh'd youth, and ventures o'er
With a ſmooth paſſage to the farther ſhore.
Now to the port the proſp'rous lover drives,
And ſafely after all his toil arrives.
Diſſolv'd in bliſs, he lies the live-long night,
Melts, languiſhes, and dies in vaſt delight.
But that delight my muſe forbears to ſing,
She knows the weakneſs of her infant wing.
As when the painter ſtrove to draw the chief
Of all the *Grecians*, in his height of grief;
In ev'ry limb the well-ſhap'd piece excell'd,
But coming to the face, his pencil fail'd.

There modeſty he ſtaid, and held, for fear
He ſhould not reach the woe he fancy'd there;
But round the mournful head a veil he threw,
That men might gueſs at what he could not ſhew.
So when our pleaſure riſes to exceſs,
No tongue can tell it, and no pen expreſs.
Love will not have his miſteries reveal'd,
And beauty keeps the joys it gives conceal'd.
And 'till theſe joys my *Delia* lets me know,
To me they ſhall continue ever ſo.

Ah! *Delia*, would indulgent love decree,
Thy faithful ſlave that heav'n of bliſs with thee;
What then ſhould be my verſe? what daring flights
Should my muſe take? reach what cœleſtial heights?
Now in deſpair, with drooping notes ſhe ſings,
No dawn of hope to raiſe her on her wings.
In the warm ſpring the warbling birds rejoice,
And in the ſmiling ſun-ſhine tune their voice.
Baſk'd in the beams, they ſtrain their tender throats,
Where chearful light inſpires the charming notes.
Such, and ſo charming ſhould my numbers be,
If you my only light, would ſmile on me.
Your influence would inſpire as moving airs,
And make my ſong as ſoft and ſweet as theirs.
Would you but once auſpiciouſly incline
To raiſe his fame, who only writes for thine;
I'd ſing ſuch notes, as none but you cou'd teach,
And none but one who loves like me can reach.
Secure of you, what raptures could I boaſt?
How wretched ſhall I be when you are loſt?
Ah! think what pangs deſpairing lovers prove,
And what a bleſs'd eſtate were mutual love.
How might my ſoul be with your favour rais'd?
And how in pleaſing you, my ſelf be pleas'd?

With what delight, what tranſport, could I burn?
Did but my flames receive the leaſt return.
How would one tender look, one pitying ſmile,
Or one kind word from you, reward my toil?
It muſt, and wou'd your tend'reſt pity move,
Were you but once convinc'd how well I love.
By ev'ry pow'r that reigns and rules on high,
By love, the mighty'ſt pow'r of all the ſky;
By your dear ſelf, the laſt great oath, I ſwear,
That neither life, nor ſoul are half ſo dear.
What need I theſe ſuperfluous vows repeat?
Already ſigh'd ſo often at your feet.
You know my paſſion is ſincere and true,
I love you to exceſs; you know I do.
No tongue, no pen, can what I feel expreſs,
Ev'n poetry itſelf muſt make it leſs.
You haunt me ſtill, where-ever I remove
There's no retreat ſecure from fate, or love.
My ſoul from yours, no diſtance can divide,
No rocks, nor caves, can from your preſence hide.
By day, your lovely form fills all my ſight,
Nor do I loſe you, when I loſe the light,
You are the charming phantome of the night.
Still your dear image dances in my view,
And all my reſtleſs thoughts run ſtill on you.
You only are the ſleeping poet's dream,
And when awake, you only are his theme.
Were I, by ſome yet harder fortune, hurl'd
To the remoteſt parts of all the world;
The coldeſt northern clime, the torrid zone,
Should hear me ſing of you, and you alone.
That pleaſing taſk ſhould all my hours employ,
Spent in a charming melancholy joy.
The chorus of the birds, the whiſp'ring boughs,
And murm'ring ſtreams, ſhould join to ſooth my woes:

My

My thoughts of you ſhould yield a ſad delight,
While joy and grief contend like day and night.
With ſmiles, and tears, reſembling ſun and rain,
To keep the pleaſure, I'd endure the pain.
If ſuch content my troubled ſoul could know,
Such Satisfaction mixt with ſo much woe;
If but my thoughts could keep my wiſhes warm,
Ah! how would your tranſporting preſence charm?
How pleaſant would theſe pathleſs wilds appear,
Were you alone my kind companion here?
What ſhould I then have left me to deplore?
Oh! what ſociety to wiſh for more?
No country thou art in can deſert be,
And towns are deſolate depriv'd of thee.
Baniſh'd with thee I could an exile bear;
Baniſh'd from thee, the baniſhment lies there.
I to ſome lonely iſle with thee could fly,
Where not a creature dwells but thou and *I*;
Where a wide ſpreading main around us roars,
Beſprinkling, with its foam, our deſart ſhores;
Where winds and waves in endleſs wars engage,
And high-wrought tides roll with eternal rage;
Where ſhips far off their fearful courſes ſteer,
And no bold veſſel ever ventures near.
Should riſing ſeas ſwell over ev'ry coaſt,
Were mankind in a ſecond deluge loſt,
Did only two of all the world ſurvive,
Only one man, one woman left alive;
And ſhould the Gods that lot to us allow,
Were I *Deucalion*, and my *Pyrrha*, thou;
Contentedly I ſhould my fate embrace,
And would not beg them to renew our race;
All my moſt ardent wiſhes ſhould implore,
All I ſhould aſk from each indulgent pow'r,
Would be to keep thee ſafe, and have no more.

Your cruelty occaſions all my ſmart,
Your kindneſs could reſtore my bleeding heart.
You work me to a ſtorm, you make me calm;
You give the wound and can infuſe the balm.
Of you I boaſt, of you alone complain,
My greateſt pleaſure and my greateſt pain.
When'er you grieve I can no comfort know
And when you firſt are pleaſed I muſt be ſo.
While you are well, there's no diſeaſe I feel,
And I enjoy no health, when you are ill.
Whate'er you do, my actions does direct,
Your ſmile can raiſe me, and your frown deject.
Whome'er you love, I, by the ſelf-ſame fate,
Love too; and hate, whatever wretch you hate.
With yours, my wiſhes and my paſſions join,
Your humour, and your intereſt all is mine.
I ſhare in all; nor can my fortunes be
Unhappy, let but fortune ſmile on thee.
You can preſerve, you only can deſtroy,
Increaſe my ſorrow, or create my joy.
From you, and you alone my doom I wait,
You are the ſtar, whoſe influence rules my fate.
On yours my being, and my life depend,
And mine ſhall laſt no more, when yours muſt end.
No toil would be too great, no taſk too hard,
Were you at laſt to be my rich reward.
In ſerving you, I'd ſpend my lateſt breath,
Brave any danger, run on any death.
I live but for your ſake, and when I die,
All I ſhall pray for, is, may you be by.
No life, like living with thee, can delight;
No death can pleaſe, like dying in thy ſight.
Oh! when I muſt, by heav'n's ſevere decree,
Be ſnatch'd from all that's dear, be ſnatch'd from thee,
May'ſt thou be preſent, to diſpel my fear,
And ſoften with thy charms the pangs I bear.

While

While on thy lips I pour my parting breath,
Look the all o'er, and claſp thee cloſe in death;
Sigh out my ſoul upon thy panting breaſt,
And with a paſſion not to be expreſs'd,
Sink at thy feet into eternal reſt.

HERO's ANSWER.

By Mr TATE.

WITH ſuch delight I read your letter o'er,
Your preſence only could have given me more.
Excuſe my paſſion if it ſoar above
Your thought; no man can judge of woman's love.
With buſ'neſs you, or pleaſures may ſuſtain
The pangs of abſence, and divert the pain.
The hills, the vales, the woods, and ſtreams are ſtor'd
With game, and profit with delight afford.
Whilſt gins for beaſts, and ſnares for fowl you ſet,
You ſmile, and your own amorous chains forget.
Ten thouſand helps beſides affect your cure,
Whilſt woman's ſole relief is to endure.
Or, with my confident I hold diſcourſe,
Debating what ſhould interrupt your courſe.
Or viewing from aloft the troubled tide,
Mix in the fray, and with the tempeſt chide.
Or in the ſtorms leaſt interval ſuſpect
Your ſtay, and almoſt charge you with neglect.
I ſeek your footſteps on the ſands in vain,
The ſands no more confeſs thee than the main.

I watch th' arriving barks, and never fail
T' inquire of you, and write by every ſail.

Still as the ſetting ſun reſtores the night,
(The night to me more welcome to the light,)
I fix my flaming torch to guide my love,
Nor ſhines there any friendlier ſtar above.
Then with my work or book the time I cheat,
And 'midſt the taſk *Leander*'s name repeat.
My wedded thoughts no other theme purſue,
I talk a hundred things———but all of you.
What think'ſt thou, nurſe, does my *Leander* come?
Or waits he till his parents ſleep at home?
For he is forc'd to ſteal his paſſage there,
As nightly we by ſtealth admit him here.
Think'ſt thou that now he ſtrips him in the bay,
Or is already plung'd, and on his way?
Whilſt ſhe, poor ſoul, with tedious watching ſpent,
Makes half replies, and nodding gives aſſent.
Yet cannot I the ſmalleſt pauſe allow,
But cry, he is launch'd forth for certain now.
Then ev'ry moment through the window peep;
With greedy eyes examine all the deep;
And whiſper to the floods a tender prayer
In your behalf, as if I ſpy'd you there.
Or to beguile my griefs my ear incline,
And take each gentle breeze's voice for thine:
At laſt, ſurpriz'd with ſleep in dreams I gain
That bliſs for which I wak'd ſo long in vain.
To ſhroud you then my ſhoulders I diveſt,
And claſp you ſhivering to my warmer breaſt,
A lover need not be inform'd the reſt
Theſe pleaſures oft my ſlumb'ring thoughts imploy,
But ſtill th'are dreams, and yield no ſolid joy]
Tho' ne'er ſo lively the fruition be,
To fill my bliſs I muſt have very thee.

At

At preſent, I confeſs, the ſeas are rough,
But were laſt night compos'd and calm enough;
Why did you then my longing hopes delay?
Why diſappoint me with a total ſtay?
Is it your fear that makes my wiſhes vain?
When rougher, you have oft engag'd the main;
If it be fear, that friendly fear retain,
Nor viſit me till you ſecurely may;
Your danger would afflict me more than ſtay.
Dread every guſt that blows, but oh! my mind
Miſgives, leſt you prove various as that wind.
If e'er you change, your error ſecret keep,
And in bleſt ignorance oh! let me ſleep.
Not that I am inform'd y're chang'd at all,
But abſent lovers fear what e'er may fall.
Detain'd by floods, your ſtay I will not blame;
But leſs I dread the floods than ſome new flame.
Be huſht ye winds, ye raging billows ſleep,
And yield my love ſafe paſſage through the deep.
Bleſt ſign, the taper ſparkles whilſt I pray,
A gueſt i'th' flame! *Leander*'s on his way!
Our houſhold altar yields propitious ſigns,
From which my nurſe your ſwift approach divines.
The crickets too of your arrival warn,
And ſay our number ſhall increaſe e'er morn.
Come, gentle youth, and with thy preſence make
The glad conjecture true; the day will break,
And mar our bliſs, prevent the haſt'ning morn;
To me and love's forſaken joys return.
My bed without thee will afford no reſt,
There is no pillow like *Leander*'s breaſt,
Doſt thou ſuſpect the time will be too ſhort?
Or want'ſt thou ſtrength th' adventure to ſupport?
If this detain thee, oh! no longer ſtay,
I'll plunge and meet thee in the flood half way.

Thus

Thus in the verdant waves our flames ſhall meet,
And danger make the ſoft embrace more ſweet.
Our love's our own, which yet we take by ſtealth,
Like midnight miſers from their hidden wealth.
'Twixt decency and love unhappy made,
Whilſt fame forbids, what deſires perſuade.
How art thou nightly ſnatcht from me away?
To dare the flood when ſailors keep the bay.
Yet be adviſ'd thou conqueror of the tide,
Nor in thy youthful ſtrength ſo much confide.
Think not thine arms can more than oars prevail?
Nor dare to ſwim, when pilots fear to ſail.
With much regret I cautiouſly perſuade,
And almoſt wiſh'd my counſel diſobey'd.
Yet when to the rough main my eyes I turn,
Methinks I never can enough forewarn:
Nor does my laſt night's viſions leſs affright,
(Tho' expiated with many a ſacred rite,)
A ſporting *Dolphin*, whilſt the flood retir'd.
Lay hid i'th' *Ooze*, and on the *Beach* expir'd.
What e'er the dream portend, as yet reſide
In the ſafe port, nor truſt th' inconſtant tide.
The ſtorm (too fierce to laſt) will ſoon decay,
Then with redoubled ſpeed redeem your ſtay.
Till then theſe ſheets ſome pleaſure may impart,
They bring what moſt you prize, your *Hero*'s heart.

THE

THE PARTING OF *Achilles* and *Deidamia.*

Achilles *had a long time lain diſguis'd like a woman, in the court of* Nicomedes *king of* Bithynia, *making uſe of that habit, the better to carry on his amours with* Deidamia, Nicomedes's *daughter, but he was at laſt diſcovered by the ſubtilty of* Ulyſſes; *who putting a ſword into his hands, which he weilded too dexterouſly for a woman, ſo betrayed him, and carried him to the* Trojan *war, the* Greeks *having been warn'd by the oracle, that* Troy *ſhould never be taken, unleſs* Achilles *aſſiſted at the ſiege.*

THUS young *Achilles*, in *Bithynia*'s court,
Had made a private, and a long reſort:
Dreſs'd like a maid, the bettter to improve,
With his fair princeſs, undiſcover'd love.
Where hours and days, he might ſecure receive
The mighty bliſs that mutual love could give.
Where in full joys the youthful pair remain'd,
And nought, a while, but laughing pleaſures reign'd,
'Till at the laſt, the gods were envious grown,
To ſee the bliſs of man ſurpaſs their own.

All *Greece* was now with *Helen*'s rape alarm'd,
And all its princes to revenge her arm'd.
When ſpiteful Pow'rs foretold them, their deſcent
Would be in vain, un'eſs *Achilles* went.
In vain they might the *Phrygian* coaſts invade,
Scale *Troy* in vain, no onſet could be made,
That ſhould ſucceed, without that hero's aid.
And now, *Ulyſſes*, by a crafty ſlight,
Had found him out in his diſguiſe's ſpight.
Who tho' betray'd by his unhappy fate,
Had too much ſenſe of honour to retreat.
Which when his charming *Deidamia* knew,
She to her late diſcover'd lover flew,
On his dear neck her ſnowy arms ſhe hung,
And ſtreaming tears awhile reſtrain'd her tongue.
But ſhe at laſt, her diſmal ſilence broke,
Theſe mournful words the weeping princeſs ſpoke.

Whither, ah! whither would *Achilles* flee?
From all he's deareſt to, from love, and me?
Are not my charms the ſame? the ſame that pow'r?
Have I loſt mine? or has *Bellona* more?
Oh! let me not ſo poorly be forſook,
But view me, view me, with your uſual look.
Would you, unkind, from theſe embraces break?
Is glory grown ſo ſtrong? or I ſo weak?
Glory is not your only call, I fear,
You go to meet ſome other miſtreſs there.
Go then, ungrateful, tho' from me you fly,
You'll never meet with one ſo fond as I.
But ſome camp miſtreſs, laviſh of her charms,
Devoted to a thouſand rival arms.
Then will you think, when ſhe is common grown,
On *Deidamia*, who was all your own.
Thus will I claſp thee to my panting breaſt,
And thus detain thee to my boſom preſs'd.

And

And while I fold thee thus, and thus diſpenſe
Theſe kiſſes, to reſtore thy wand'ring ſenſe.
What diſmal ſound of war ſhall ſnatch thee hence?
What tho' the gods have order'd you ſhall go,
Or *Greece* return inglorious from her foe?
Have not the ſelf ſame cruel gods decreed,
That if you went, you ſhould as ſurely bleed?
Then ſince your fate is deſtin'd to be ſuch,
Ah! think, can any *Troy* be worth ſo much?
Let *Greece*, whate'er ſhe pleaſe, for vengeance give,
Secure at home ſhall my *Achil'es* live.
Troy, built by heav'nly hands, may ſtand, or fall:
You never ſhall obey the fatal call.
Your *Deidamia* ſwears you ſhall not go,
Life would be dear to you, if ſhe were ſo.
If not your own, at leaſt my ſafety prize,
For with *Achilles*, *Deidamia* dies.

All this, and more, the lovely mournful maid
Told the ſad youth, who ſigh'd at all ſhe ſaid.
Yet would he not his reſolution break,
Where all his fame and honour lay at ſtake.
Now would he think on arms; but when he gave
A ſide-long glance on her he was to leave,
Then his tumultuous thoughts began to jar,
And love and glory held a doubtful war.
'Till with a deep-drawn ſigh, and mighty courſe
Of tears, which nothing elſe but love could force,
To the dear maid he turns his watry eyes,
And to her ſad diſcourſe, as ſad replies.

Thou late beſt bleſſing of my joyful heart,
Now grown my grief, ſince I muſt now depart,
Behold the pangs I bear; look up and ſee
How much I grieve to go; and comfort me.

Curſe on that cunning traitor's ſmooth deceit,
Whoſe craft has made me, to my ruin, greet.
Curſe on that artifice by which I fell,
Curſe on theſe hands for wielding ſwords ſo well.
Tho' I ſhould ne'er ſo fit for battle prove,
All my ambition's to be fit for love.
In his ſoft wars I would my life beguile,
With thee contend in the tranſporting toil,
Raviſh'd to read my triumph in thy ſmile.
Boldly I'd ſtrive, yet ev'n when conqu'ring yield
To thee the glory of the bloodleſs field.
With liquid fires, melt the rich beauties down;
Riſle thy wealth, yet give thee all my own.
So ſhould our wars be rapture and delight;
But now I'm ſummon'd to another fight.
'Tis not my fault, that I am forc'd away;
But when my honour calls, I muſt obey.
Durſt I not death and ev'ry danger brave,
I were not worthy of the bliſs I have.
More hazards then another would I meet,
Only to lay more lawrels at your feet.
Oh! do not fear that I ſhould faithleſs prove,
For you, my only life, have all my love.
The thought of you ſhall help me to ſubdue,
I'll conquer faſter, to return to you.
But if my honours ſhould be laid in duſt,
And I muſt fall, as heav'n has ſaid I muſt;
Ev'n in my death, my only grief will be,
That I for ever ſhall be ſnatch'd from thee.
That, that alone, occaſions all my fears,
Shakes my reſolves and melts me into tears.
My beating heart pants to thee, as I ſpeak,
And wiſhes rather than depart, to break.
Feel how it trembles with a panic fright:
Sure it will never fail me thus in fight.

I cannot longer hold this fond diſcourſe,
For now the trumpets ſound the ſad divorce.
Sound ev'ry trumpet there, beat ev'ry drum;
Uſe all your charms to make *Achilles* come.
Farewell———Alas! I have not time to tell
How wondrous loath I part,—once more farewel.
Remember me, as I remember you,
Like me be conſtant, and like me be true:
Gods! I ſhall ne'er be gone; adieu, adieu, adieu.

ABSENCE.

Happy that am'rous youth, whoſe miſtreſs hears
His ſwelling ſighs, and ſees his falling tears.
What ſavage maid her pity can deny
A breaking heart, and a ſtill ſtreaming eye?
Abſent, alas! he ſpends them all in vain,
While the dear cauſe is ign'rant of his pain.
Yet wretched as he is, he might be bleſt,
Would he himſelf contribute to his reſt:
Would he reſolve to ſtruggle thro' the net,
And, but a while, endeavour to forget.
But his mad thoughts run ev'ry paſſage o'er,
And anxious mem'ry makes his paſſion more.
Perplexing mem'ry, that renews the ſcene
Of his paſt cares, and keeps him ſtill in pain.
Keeps a poor wretch perpetually oppreſs'd,
And never lets unhappy lovers reſt.
Lets them no pangs, no cruel ſuff'rings loſe,
But heaps their paſt upon their preſent woes.
Such was *Leander*'s mem'ry when remov'd,
And ſunder'd by the ſeas, from all he lov'd.
The gather'd winds had wrought the tempeſt high,
Toſs'd up the ocean, and ob'cur'd the ſky;

And at this time, with an impetuous ſway,
Pour'd forth their forces and poſſeſs'd the ſea.
When the bold youth ſtood raging on the beach,
To view the much-lov'd coaſt he could not reach,
His reſtleſs eyes ran all the diſtance o'er,
And from afar diſcern'd his *Hero*'s Tow'r.
Thrice, naked in the waves his ſkill he try'd,
And ſtrove, as he was us'd to ſtem the tide.
But tumbling billows threatned preſent wrack,
And riſing up againſt him, daſh'd him back.
Then like a gallant ſoldier, forc'd to go,
Full of brave wrath, from a prevailing foe;
Again, to town, he makes his ſad reſort,
To ſee what ſhips would looſen from the port.
Finding but one durſt launch into the ſeas,
He writes a letter, fill'd with words like theſe. *

(* See Page 16.)

The

The HISTORY of

PYGMALION:

Imitated from the Tenth Book of

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES.*

HOW thou art envy'd, let *Pygmalion* prove;
Who by a miracle obtain'd his love:
Who living in an age, when women led
The lewdeſt lives, all ſhame and honour fled;
For a long time, declin'd the nuptial-bed.
He ſaw them all debauch'd with monſtrous crimes,
No virtuous maid, no *Delia* bleſs'd the times.
Had ſhe liv'd then, his ſkill had ne'er been ſhewn,
Nor the ſtrange miracle, that crown'd it, known.
There had he fix'd, not form'd his fancy'd maid;
Nor fondly been by his own art betray'd.
The nymph in poliſh'd iv'ry glitter'd bright,
So ſmooth, ſhe ſeem'd too ſlipp'ry for his ſight.
So curious was her ſhape, ſo juſt her frame,
So quick her eyes appear'd, ſo full of flame,
They would have roll'd, if not reſtrain'd by ſhame.
From his ſtrange art, the ſtatue had receiv'd
Such lively ſtrokes, one would have thought it liv'd.
Ev'n he himſelf could hardly, hardly know,
But doubted long, whether it liv'd, or no.

Yet from her, as ſhe was, he gather'd fires;
And fierce, and boundleſs were his mad deſires.
He felt her fleſh, (his fancy thought it ſuch,)
And fear'd to hurt her with too rude a touch.
He kiſs'd her, with belief ſo ſtrong and vain,
That he imagin'd how ſhe kiſs'd again.
Now makes his court, his mad addreſſes moves
And tells a long fond tale, how well he loves.
Preſents her now, with all he thought might pleaſe,
With precious gums diſtill'd from weeping trees.
Small ſinging birds; who ſtrain their tuneful throats,
And hov'ring round, repeat their pretty notes.
With ſweeteſt flow'rs he crowns her lovely head,
And lays her on the ſofteſt downy bed.
In richeſt robes his charming idol dreſt,
Bright ſparkling gems adorn her neck and breaſt,
And ſhe—look'd well in all, but look'd when naked beſt.
Now *Venus* kept her feaſt; a goodly train
Of love-ſick youths frequent, and fill her fane.
The Snow-white heifers fall by ſacred ſtrokes,
While with rich gums the loaded altar ſmoaks.
Among the reſt, the hopeleſs lover ſtands,
Tears in his eyes, his off'rings in his hands,
More furious than before he feels his fires,
Ev'n his deſpair redoubles his deſires.
A long, long time, his oraiſons deferr'd,
He durſt not pray, leſt he ſhould not be heard.
'Till urg'd by love, his tim'rous ſilence broke,
Thus (but ſtill tim'rouſly) at laſt he ſpoke.
If you, ye ſacred pow'rs that rule above,
And you great goddeſs of propitious love;
If all we want is plac'd within your pow'r,
And you can give whatever we implore:
Exert your godhead now, now lend your aid,
Give me the wife I wiſh, one like, he ſaid,
But durſt not ſay, give me my ivory maid.

This

This finiſh'd; thrice auſpicious flaſhes riſe,
And wreaths of curling ſmoke aſcended thrice.
Half hoping now, and yet ſtill half afraid,
With doubtful joy he ſeeks his ivory maid.
Doats more than ever on her fancy'd charms,
And cloſely claſps her in his longing arms.
When all at once, with joy and wonder fill'd,
He feels her ſtubborn ſides begin to yield.
Soft was her boſom grown, her throbbing breaſt,
Heav'd with her breath, ſwell'd gently to be preſt.
Surpriſed, and glad, he feels her oft, and oft;
And more, and more, perceives her warm and ſoft.
Warm were her lips, and ev'ry pointed kiſs,
With melting touches, met and moiſten'd his,
Her blood now circled, and her pulſes beat
And life at laſt enjoy'd a ſettled ſeat.
Slowly ſhe lifts her new and fearful ſight,
And ſees at once, her lover, and the light.
An unborn maid, both life and lover found;
And he too, had his deſp'rate wiſhes crown'd.
Deſp'rate indeed; what proſpect could he ſee,
Or how at firſt, hope any more than me?

H O P E.

SAPHO to PHAON:

By the Honourable

Sir *CARR. SCROPE*, Bart.

The Poeteſs Sapho, *forſaken by her Lover* Phaon *(who was gone from* Lesbos *to* Sicily*) in Deſpair, writes this Letter to him.*

WHILE *Phaon* to the flaming *Ætna* flies,
Conſum'd, with no leſs fires, poor *Sapho* dies.
I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,
When by the driving winds the flames are born.
My Muſe and lute can now no longer pleaſe,
They are the employments of a mind at eaſe.
Wandring from thought to thought I ſit alone
All day, and my once dear companions ſhun.
In vain the *Leſbian* maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone haſt ta'en up all the heart.
Ah lovely youth! how canſt thou cruel prove,
When blooming years and beauty bid thee love?
If none but equal charms thy heart can bind,
Then to thy ſelf alone thou muſt be kind.
Yet worthleſs as I am, there was a time
When *Phaon* thought me worthy his eſteem.
A thouſand tender things to mind I call,
For they who truly love remember all.
Delighted with the muſic of my tongue,
Upon my words with ſilent joy he hung,
And ſnatching kiſſes, ſtop'd me as I ſung.
Kiſſes, whoſe melting touch, his ſoul did move,
The earneſt of the coming joys of love.
Then tender words, ſhort ſighs, and thouſand charms
Of wanton Arts endear'd me to his arms;
'Till both expiring with tumultuous joys,
A gentle faintneſs did our limbs ſurpriſe.

Be-

Beware, *Sicilian* ladies, ah! beware
How you receive my faithleſs wanderer.
You too will be abus'd, if you believe
The flattering words that he ſo well can give.
Looſe to the winds I let my flowing hair,
No more with fragrant ſcents perfume the air,
But all my dreſs diſcovers wild deſpair.
For whom, alas! ſhould now my art be ſhewn?
The only man I car'd to pleaſe is gone.
Oh let me once more ſee thoſe eyes of thine,
Thy love I aſk not, do but ſuffer mine.
Thou might'ſt at leaſt have ta'en thy laſt farewel,
And feign'd a ſorrow which thou didſt not feel.
No kind rememb'ring pledge was aſk'd by thee,
And nothing left but injuries with me.
Witneſs ye gods, with what a death-like cold
My heart was ſeiz'd, when firſt thy flight was told.
Speechleſs and ſtupid for a while I lay,
And neither words nor tears could find their way.
But when my ſwelling paſſion forc'd a vent
With hair diſhevell'd, cloaths in pieces rent;
Like ſome ſad mother through the ſtreets I run,
Who to his grave attends her only ſon.
Expos'd to all the world myſelf I ſee,
Forgetting virtue, fame, and all but thee;
So ill, alas! do love and ſhame agree!
'Tis thou alone that art my conſtant care,
In pleaſing dreams thou comfort'ſt my deſpair;
And mak'ſt the night that does thy form convey,
Welcome to me above the faireſt day.
Then 'ſpight of abſence, I thy love enjoy;
In cloſe imbraces lock'd methinks we lie;
Thy tender words I hear, thy kiſſes feel.
With all the joys that ſhame forbids to tell.
But when I waking miſs thee from my bed,
And all my pleaſing images are fled;

The

The dear deluding viſion to retain,
I lay me down, and try to ſleep again.
Soon as I riſe, I haunt the caves and groves,
(Thoſe conſcious ſcenes of our once happy loves)
There like ſome frantic *Bacchanal* I walk,
And to myſelf with ſad diſtraction talk.
Then big with grief I throw me on the ground,
And view the melancholy grotto round;
Whoſe hanging roof of moſs and craggy ſtone
Delights my eyes above the brighteſt throne.
But when I ſpy the bank, whoſe graſſy bed
Retains the print our weary bodies made;
On thy forſaken ſide I lay me down,
And with a ſhower of tears the place I drown.
The trees are wither'd all ſince thou art gone,
As if for thee they put their mourning on.
No warbling *Bird* does now with muſic fill
The woods, except the mournful *Philomel*.
With hers my diſmal notes all night agree,
Of *Tereus* ſhe complains, and I of thee.
Ungentle youth! didſt thou but ſee me mourn,
Hard as thou art, thou would'ſt, thou would'ſt return.
My conſtant falling tears the papers ſtain,
And my weak hand can ſcarce direct my pen.
Oh could thy eyes but reach my dreadful ſtate,
As now I ſtand prepar'd for ſudden fate,
Thou could'ſt not ſee this naked breaſt of mine
Daſht againſt rocks, rather than join'd to thine.
Peace *Sapho*, peace! thou ſend'ſt thy fruitleſs cries
To one more hard than rocks, more deaf than ſeas.
The flying winds bear thy complaints away,
But none will ever back his ſails convey,
No longer then thy hopeleſs love attend,
But let thy life here with thy letter end.

THE

The HISTORY of *Perſeus* and *Andromeda*:

In Imitation of Part of that in the Fourth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoſes.*

PRopitious chance led *Perſeus* once to view
The faireſt piece that ever nature drew;
Chain'd on a rocky ſhore, the virgin ſtood,
Naked, and whiter than the foaming flood;
Whom, as he curs'd the confines of the ſky,
Amaz'd he ſaw, and kept his wond'ring eye
So fix'd, he had almoſt forgot to fly.
Had not the winds diſpers'd her flowing hair,
And held it waving in the liquid air?
Or had not ſtreams of tears apace roll'd down
Her lovely cheeks, he would have thought her ſtone.
Streight he precipitates his haſty flight,
Impatient to attain a nearer ſight.
Now, all at once, he feels the raging fires.
Sees all the maid, and all he ſees, admires.
With awe and wonder, mixt with love and fear,
He ſtands as motionleſs as ſhame made her.
Urg'd on at laſt, but ſtill by ſlow degrees,
Loath to offend, he draws to what he ſees.
Oh! why, he cries, moſt matchleſs fair one, why
Are you thus us'd? Can you be doom'd to dye?
Have you done any guilt, that guilt relate.
How can ſuch beauty merit ſuch a fate?

I am thy champion, and eſpouſe thy cauſe;
In thy defence, the thund'rer's offspring draws.
Say, if thou'rt reſcu'd by the ſon of *Jove*,
Say, for thy life, wilt thou return thy love?
The baſhful virgin no return affords,
But ſends ten thouſand ſighs, inſtead of words:
With grief, redoubled with her ſhame, ſhe mourns;
She weeps, he joys, ſhe bluſhes, and he burns.
In chains extended at her length ſhe lay,
While he with tranſport took a full ſurvey.
Fain would her hands her conſcious bluſhes hide,
But that the fetters, which they wore deny'd.
What could ſhe do? all that ſhe could, ſhe did:
For drown'd in floods of tears, her eyes ſhe hid.
Much urg'd to ſpeak, ſhe turn'd her baſhful look
Far as ſhe could aſide, and trembling ſpoke:
My Mother, conſcious of her beauty, ſtrove
(Alas! too conſcious) with the wife of *Jove*:
Who by a cruel and unjuſt decree,
To puniſh her, takes her revenge on me.
Here I am doom d a dreadful monſter's prey,
Who now, now, now is iſſuing from the ſea.
Haſte; generous youth, our common foe ſubdue;
And if you ſave my life, I live for you.
Thus ſpoke the maid, half dying with her fears:
When, lo! the monſter from the ſea appears.
The dauntleſs hero mounts his flying horſe,
And o'er the waves directs his airy courſe.
Let him, alone, his victory purſue;
For dreadful war has nothing here to do.
This ſhort account will love-ſick ſwains ſuffice;
He ſlew his foe, and ſtreight receiv'd his prize.
Thrice happy youth, too fortunately bleſt;
Who only came, and conquer'd, and poſſeſt.
None of the pangs of love your bliſs annoy'd;
You but beheld, admir'd, and ſo enjoy'd.

The STORY *of*

Hippomanes and *Atalanta*:

In Imitation of Part of that in the

Tenth Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*.

Hippomanes alone with hope inſpir'd,
Might well rejoice to find his wiſhes fir'd,
Since well aſſur'd of all his wiſh deſir'd.
His paſſion was all life, all ſoul, and flame,
He dauntleſs to the fatal barriers came:
With joy his vanquiſh'd rivals he beheld,
Aſſur'd to win, where all beſides had fail'd.
He ſaw the lovely nymph out-fly the wind,
And leave her breathleſs ſuitors far behind;
Saw *Atalanta* ſwift as lightning paſs,
Yet ſoft as *Zephyrs*, ſweep along the graſs.
He knew the law, whoſe cruelty decreed,
That ev'ry youth who loſt the race ſhould bleed.
Yet if, like them, he could not run ſo faſt,
He ſaw her worth the dying for, at laſt.
Her ev'ry charm his praiſe and wonder mov'd,
And ſtill the more he prais'd, the more he lov'd.
Now had he view'd the laſt unhappy ſtriſe,
And ſeen the vanquiſh'd youth reſign his life;
When with his love tranſported, from his place,
Leſt any other firſt ſhould claim the race,

Riſing he runs, regardleſs of their fate,
And preſſes where the panting virgin ſate.
With eyes all ſparkling with his hope and love,
And ſuch a look as could not fail to move;
Tell me, he cryes, why, barb'rous beauty why
Are you ſo pleas'd to ſee theſe wretches dye?
Why have you with my feeble rivals ſtrove,
Betray'd to death by their too daring love?
With me a leſs unequal race begin,
With me exert your utmoſt ſpeed to win;
By my defeat you will your conqueſts crown,
And in my fall eſtabliſh your renown:
Then undiſturb'd you may your conqueſts boaſt,
For none will dare to ſtrive when I have loſt.
Thus while the prince his bold defiance ſpoke,
She eyes him with a ſoft relenting look.
Already does his diſtant fate deplore,
Concern'd for him, tho' ne'er concern'd before.
Doubtful ſhe ſtands, and knows not what to chuſe,
And cannot wiſh to win, nor yet to loſe.
But murmurs to herſelf: Ye pow'rs divine,
How hard, alas! a deſtiny is mine?
Why muſt I longer ſuch a law obey,
And daily throw ſo many lives away?
Why muſt I by their deaths my nuptials ſhun?
Or elſe by marrying be myſelf undone?
Why muſt I ſtill my cruelty purſue?
Why muſt a prince, ſo charming periſh too?
Such is his youth, his beauty, valour ſuch,
Ev'n to my ſelf I ſeem not worth ſo much.
Fly lovely ſtranger, ere 'tis yet too late,
Fly from thy too, ah! too too certain fate.
I would not ſend thee hence, I wou'd not give
Such a command; cou'dſt thou but ſtay, and live.
Thou with ſome fairer maid wilt happier be:
The faireſt maid might be in love with thee.

So

So many ſuitors have already bled,
Who raſhly ventur'd for my nuptial bed,
I fear leſt thou ſhould'ſt run like them in vain,
Should'ſt loſe like them, and ah! like them be ſlain.
Yet why ſhould he alone my pity move?
It is but pity ſure; it is not love.
I wiſh, bold youth, thou would'ſt the race decline,
Or rather wiſh, thy ſpeed could equal mine.
Would thou hadſt never ſeen this fatal place,
Nor I, alas! thy too too charming face.
Were I by rig'rous fate allow'd to wed,
Thou ſhould'ſt alone enjoy, and bleſs my bed.
Were it but left to my own partial choice,
Of all mankind, thou ſhoud'ſt obtain my voice.
'Twas here ſhe paus'd; when urg'd with long delay,
The trumpets ſound to haſten them away.
Streight at the ſummons is the race begun,
And ſide by ſide, for ſome ſhort time they run.
While the ſpectators from the barriers cry,
Fly proſp'rous youth, with all thy vigour fly:
Make haſte, make haſte, thy utmoſt ſpeed enforce,
Love gives thee wings to win the noble courſe.
See how unwillingly the virgin flies,
Purſue, and ſave thy life, and ſeize the prize.
'Tis doubtful yet, whether the general voice
Made the glad youth, or virgin moſt rejoice.
Oft, in the ſwifteſt fury of the race,
The nymph would ſlacken her impetuous pace,
And halt, and gaze, and almoſt faſten on his face
Then fleet away again, as ſwift as wind,
Not without ſighs to leave him ſo behind.
By this, he ſaw his ſtrength would ne'er prevail,
But ſtill he had a charm that could not fail.
From his looſe robe a golden apple drawn,
With force he hurl'd, along the flow'ry lawn.

Streight at the ſight the virgin could not hold,
But ſtarts aſide to catch the rolling gold,
He takes the wiſh'd occaſion, paſſes by,
While all the field reſounded ſhouts of joy.
This ſhe recovers with redoubled haſte,
'Till he far off the ſecond apple caſt.
Again the nymph diverts her near purſuit,
And running back ſecures the tempting fruit;
But her ſtrange ſpeed recovers her again,
Again the foremoſt in the flow'ry plain.
Now near the goal he ſummons all his might,
And prays to *Venus* to direct him right.
With his laſt apple to retard her flight.
Tho' ſure to loſe if ſhe the race declin'd
For ſuch a bribe the vict'ry ſhe reſign'd.
Pleas'd that ſhe loſt, to the glad victor's arms
She gives the prize, and yields her dear-bought charms.
He by reſiſtleſs gold the conqueſt gain'd,
In vain he ran, 'till that the race obtain'd.
Poſſeſs'd of that, he could not but ſubdue.
For gold alas! would conquer *Delia* too.
Yet oh! thou beſt belov'd, thou lovelieſt maid,
Be not by too much avarice betray'd.
Prize thyſelf high, no eaſy purchaſe prove,
Nor let a fool with fortune buy thy love,
Like *Atalanta*'s conqueror let him be,
Brave, gen'rous, young, from every failing free,
And to compleat him, let him love like me.
What pains againſt my wretched life I take?
Ev'n I my ſelf my jealouſies awake.
Such men there are, bleſs'd with ſuch gifts divine,
Who if they knew thee, would be ſurely thine.

JEALOUSY.

How wretched then alaſs! ſhould *Daphnis* grow?
Gods! how the very thought diſtracts him now?

Ev'n

Ev'n now perhaps ſome youth with happier charms,
Lies folded in the faithleſs *Delia*'s arms.
Ev'n now, the favours you deny'd me, ſeem
To be too prodigally heap'd on him.
Cloſe by your ſide, all languiſhing he ſtands,
And on your panting boſom warms his hands.
Streight in your lap he lays his envy'd head,
And makes the ſhrine of love his ſacred bed.
Then glows his raviſh'd ſoul with pointed flames,
And thoughts of heav'nly joys fill all his dreams.
Let not your paſſion be to me reveal'd,
But if you love, keep him you love conceal'd.

The STORY *of*

Cephalus and *Procris*,

Imitated from the Tenth Book of

OVID's *METAMORPHOSES*.

FROM *Cephalus*'s tragic ſtory, read
What fatal miſchiefs jealouſy may breed.
Hear that unhappy wretched huntſman tell,
How by his hands his much-lov'd *Procris* fell.
Hear him, lamenting his miſchance, complain
In the ſoft *Ovid*'s ſadly charming ſtrain.

Happy a while, thrice happy was my life,
Bleſt in a beautiful and virtuous wife.
Love join'd us firſt, and love made life ſo ſweet.
We prais'd the gods, that 'twas our lot to meet.

Our

Our breaſts glow'd gently with a mutual flame,
The ſame were our deſires, our fears the ſame.
Whate'er one did, the other would approve,
For one our liking was, as one our love.
Then happy days were crown'd with happier nights,
And ſome few months roll'd on in full delights.
Joys crouded to appear, and pleaſures ran
A while in circles, ere our woes began.
'Till I one fatal morn the chace purſu'd
Of a wild boar, thro' an adjacent wood.
Where, as I hunted eager on my prey,
Aurora ſtopp'd me in my haſty way.
You may believe I do not, dare not feign,
(For mis'ry never made a man ſo vain)
She, tho' a goddeſs, ſtreight began to move
A fruitleſs ſuit, and vainly talk'd of love.
Tho' ſhe look'd bright as when ſhe ſhines on high,
In all the glories of a morning ſky;
Tho' earlier than the ſun's, her beams diſplay,
And ſhew the firſt approaches of the day:
I told her *Procris* all my ſoul poſſeſt,
That ſhe alone reign'd ſovereign of my breaſt,
Which never would admit another gueſt.
Enjoy thy *Procris* then, the goddeſs cry'd?
Whom thou ſhalt one day wiſh thou'dſt ne'er enjoy'd.
Stung with her words, with doubts and fears oppreſt,
A ſudden jealouſy deſtroys my reſt,
Mads all my brain, and poiſons all my breaſt.
I thought the ſex all falſe, ev'n *Procris* too,
Again I thought, ſhe could not but be true.
Her youth and beauty kindled anxious cares,
But her known chaſtity condemn'd my fears.
But then my abſence does again revive,
And keep the tort'ring fancy ſtill alive.
I thought her faith too firmly fix'd to fall,
Yet a true lover is afraid of all.

I knew not what to think, but ſtreight I go,
Reſolv'd to cure, or to compleat my woe.
An habit different from my own I took,
While with curſt aid *Aurora* chang'd my look.
To *Athens* ſtreight, unknown by all, I came,
Ev'n to my ſelf, I ſcarce could ſeem the ſame.
Hardly I got admiſſion to my houſe,
But far, far harder, to my weeping ſpouſe.
The houſe itſelf from ought of blame was free,
And ev'ry place expreſt its grief for me.
A diſmal ſilence reign'd thro' ev'ry room,
To mourn my loſs, already ſafe at home.
Ev'n that ſad pomp of woe, ſome charms could boaſt,
But when my *Procris* came, ſhe charm'd me moſt.
Black were her Robes, her ſolemn pace was ſlow,
Her dreſs was careleſs, yet becoming too.
A virtuous grief dwelt deeply in her face,
But matchleſs beauty gave that grief a grace.
Whole ſhow'rs of tears her ſtreaming eyes let fall,
Yet ſomething wondrous lovely ſhone thro' all.
Scarce could I at the charming ſight forbear
From running to embrace my mournful fair,
Scarce hold, from telling whom ſhe ſaw (tho' alter'd there
But yet at length, my firſt deſign purſu'd,
With words I flatter'd, and with gifts I woo'd?
All the moſt moving arguments I us'd,
Oft pray'd, and preſs'd, but was as oft refus'd.
She ſaid another had before engroſs'd
All her affection, and my ſuit was loſt.
Would any but a mad-man further try?
But ah! that mad, that deſp'rate fool was I.
I grew the more induſtrious to deſtroy
Her matchleſs truth, and ruin all my joy.
Redoubled preſents, and redoubled vows,
I made, and offer'd to betray my ſpouſe.

At

At laſt, her ſtagg'ring faith began to yield,
And I'ad juſt won the long diſputed field.
Thy falſhood, ſtreight I cry'd, too late I ſee;
Falſe to thy *Cephalus*, for I am he.
Since you are perjur'd, ſince my *Procris* grew
Forſworn and falſe, what woman can be true?
She, at theſe words, almoſt of ſenſe bereav'd,
With ſad confuſion found herſelf deceiv'd.
Fixt on the ground ſhe kept her down-caſt eye,
And ſilent with her ſhame, made no reply,
But to the mountains like a huntreſs hyes,
And for my ſake from all mankind ſhe flies.
Which when I found, abandon'd and alone,
My dearer half thro' my own folly gone;
Love fiercer than before began to burn,
'Till I was raging for my wife's return.
My pray'rs diſpatch'd with eagerneſs and haſte,
That ſhe would pardon all offences paſt;
Found her as kind as ſhe was truly chaſte.
She came and crown'd my joys a ſecond time;
Forgot my jealouſy, forgave my crime.
'Twas then I thought my greateſt miſeries o'er,
But fate it ſeems had worſe, far worſe in ſtore.
Soon as each early ſun began to riſe,
To glad th' enlighten'd earth, and gild the ſkies,
I with his firſt appearance riſe, and trace
The woods, and hills, that yielded game to chaſe.
Alone I hunt, a long and tedious way,
And ſeldom fail to kill ſufficient prey.
Then ſpent with toil, to cooler ſhades retreat,
And ſeek a refuge from the ſcorching heat.
Where pleaſant valleys breathe a freer air,
For my refreſhment I addreſs this prayer.
Come, air, I cry, joy of o'er-labour'd ſwains,
Come, and diffuſe myſelf thro' all my veins;

Breathe

Breathe on my burning lips, and fev'riſh breaſt,
And reign at large an ever-grateful gueſt.
Glide to my ſoul, and ev'ry vital part,
Diſtill thy ſelf upon my panting heart.
By chance I other blandiſhments beſtow,
Or deſtiny decreed it ſhould be ſo.
As, O thou greateſt pleaſure of the plains,
Thou who aſſuageſt all my raging pains;
Thou, who doſt nature's richeſt ſweets excite,
And maſk'ſt me in theſe deſart woods delight:
Breathleſs, and dead without thee ſhould I be,
For all the life I have, I draw from thee.
While this I ſung, ſome one who chanc'd to hear,
Thought her a nymph, to whom I made my pray'r,
And told my *Procris* of her rival air.
She, kind, good ſoul, half dying at the news,
Would now condemn me, now again excuſe.
Now hopes 'tis all a falſhood, now ſhe fears;
Suſpects my faith, as I ſuſpected hers.
Reſolv'd, at laſt to truſt no buſy tongue,
But be her ſelf the witneſs of her wrong;
When the next day with fatal haſte came on,
And I was to my lov'd diverſion gone,
She roſe and ſought the ſolitary ſhade,
Where, after hunting, I was daily laid.
Cloſe in a thicket undiſcern'd ſhe ſtood,
When I took ſhelter in the ſhady wood.
Then ſtretching on the graſs my fainting weight,
Come much-lov'd air, I cry, oh! come, abate
With thy ſweat breath this moſt immod'rate heat.
At this a ſudden noiſe invades my ear,
And ruſtling boughs ſhew'd ſomething living there.
I raſhly thinking it ſome ſavage beaſt,
Threw my unerring dart with heedleſs haſte
Which pierc'd, O gods! my *Procris* thro' the breaſt.

She

She at the wound, with fearful ſhreakings fell,
And I, alas! knew the dear voice too well.
Thither diſtracted with my grief, I flew,
To give my dying love a ſad adieu.
All bloody was her lately ſnowy breaſt,
Her ſoul was haſt'ing to eternal reſt.
With rage I tore my robe, which cloſe I bound,
To ſtop the blood, about the gaping wound.
What pardons did I beg? what curſes frame,
For my damn'd fate, that was alone in blame?
When weakly raiſing up her dying head,
With a faint voice, theſe few ſad words ſhe ſaid.
" Draw nearer yet, dear author of my death,
" Hear my laſt ſighs and ſnatch my parting breath.
" But ere I die, by all that's ſacred ſwear,
" That you will never let my rival air,
" Prophane my bed, or find reception there.
" This I conjure you by your nuptial vow;
" The faith you gave me then, renew me now.
" By all your love, if any love remain,
" And by that love which dying I retain,
" Aſſure me but of this before I go,
" And I ſhall bliſs thee for the fatal blow.

To her ſad ſpeech abruptly I reply'd,
In haſte to ſhew her error ere ſhe dy'd,
Quickly I ran the tragic ſtory o'er,
Which made her pleas'd, amidſt the pangs ſhe bore.
That done, ſhe rolls in death her dizzy eyes,
And with a ſigh, which I receiv'd, ſhe dies.

Here did the youth his doleful tale conclude,
A tale too doleful to be long purſu'd,
But this ill-choſen inſtance will not do,
Unleſs my *Delia* could be jealous too.

But

But ſhe whene'er I woo ſome other fair,
Shews no reſentment, and betrays no care.
She ſees me court another, as unmov'd,
As ſhe has always ſeen herſelf belov'd.
That dreadful thought redoubles all my fear.
That drowns my hopes, and drives me to deſpair.

DESPAIR.

No foreign inſtance need of this be ſhewn,
To draw it beſt, I muſt deſcribe my own.
Tho' of this kind all ages can produce
Examples proper for the mourning muſe;
Yet all to me muſt the firſt place reſign,
None ever was ſo juſt, ſo deep as mine.
All day and night I ſing, and all day long,
I love, and *I deſpair*, makes all my ſong.
Revolving days the ſame ſad muſic hear,
Unchang'd thoſe notes, *I love*, and *I deſpair*.
To me, as to the echo, fate affords
No pow'r of ſpeech but for thoſe doleful words.
Some glimpſe of ſun, ſome chearful beams appear,
Ev'n thro' the gloomieſt ſeaſon of the year.
My clouded life admits no dawn of light,
No ray can pierce thro' my eternal night.
All there is diſmal as the ſhades beneath,
And all is dark as hell, and ſad as death.
My anxious hours roll heavily away.
Depriv'd of ſleep by night, and peace by day.
My ſoul no reſpite from her ſuff'rings knows,
And ſees no end of her eternal woes.
In a long line they run for ever on,
And ſtill encreaſe, and lengthen as they run.
By flight to loſe my ills in vain I try,
From my deſpairing ſelf I cannot fly.
Where-e'er I go, I bear about my flame,
In cities, countries, ſeas, 'tis all the ſame.

Scorch'd with my burning pains, I ſhun my houſe,
And ſtrive in open air to ſeek repoſe.
My flames like torches ſhook in open air,
Grow with dilated heat, more furious there.
Now to the moſt retir'd, remoteſt place,
Ev'n to obſcurity I fly for eaſe.
Retirement ſtill foments the raging fire,
And trees, and fields, and floods, and verſe conſpire
To ſpread the flame and heighten the deſire.
Wildly I range the woods and trace the groves,
To every oak I tell my hopeleſs loves.
Torn by my paſſion, to the earth I fall,
I kneel to all the gods, I pray to all.
Nothing but echo anſwers to my pray'r,
And ſhe ſpeaks nothing but deſpair, deſpair.
From woods and wilds I no relief receive,
But wander on to try what ſeas can give.
Deep thro' the tide, not knowing where, I walk;
To the deaf winds, not knowing what, I talk.
Mad as the foaming main, aloud I rave,
While ev'ry tear keeps time with ev'ry wave.

The PASSION *of*

SCYLLA for *MINOS:*

From the

Eighth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses.*

A Tower with ſounding walls erected ſtands,
The ſacred fabric of *Apollo's* hands.
His harp laid by, the ſtrings their airs diſpenſe,
And vocal ſtones receiv'd their virtue thence.
This *Scylla*, in the time of peace, aſcends,
And thence her look o'er all the lawn extends:
Now with delight ſhe views the ſpacious town,
Now, pleas'd with dropping little pebbles down,
Strikes a ſweet muſic from the warbling ſtone.
In times of wars the ſelf-ſame proſpect yields,
The pleaſing horror of the bloody fields.
Long had they now in equal balance hung,
And doubtful victory depended long.
This gave her leiſure to diſcern and know
The ſeveral leaders of the neighbouring foe.
Minos their general, moſt of all ſhe knew,
More than a virtuous virgin ought to do.
Whether his helmet glitter'd from afar,
And with its waving feathers threatned war;
Whether his hands, his ſhining ſword would weild,
Or his ſtrong arm raiſe his refulgent ſhield;

Whate'er ſhe ſaw him do, ſhe prais'd, and lov'd,
And kept him ſtill in view, where-e'er he mov'd.
When-e'er he ſhook a ſpear, or caſt a dart,
She knew not which excell'd, his ſtrength, or art
When e'er he drew a ſhaft, ſhe'd ſwear, that ſo
Ev'n *Phœbus* would himſelf diſcharge his bow.
But when his naked viſage he diſclos'd,
His charming face to public view expos'd;
When on his foaming horſe he rode the plains,
Ruling with ſkilful hands the ſtubborn reins;
Then like tempeſtuous ſeas her paſſions roll,
Mad her ſick brain, and rack her troubled ſoul.
Happy, ſhe calls the courſer which he preſs'd;
Happy, the launce he couch'd within his veſt;
Happy, the vamplate that ſecur'd his breaſt.
Now, would ſhe think of flying to the foe,
And would have gone, had ſhe a way to go.
Now, headlong from the tower herſelf have ſent,
And ventur'd life, to reach her lover's tent.
Open the brazen gates, when love inſpir'd,
Or act what-e'er the foe ſhe lov'd, deſir'd.
Silent ſhe ſate with a diſtracted look,
'Till paſſion gave her leave, and then ſhe ſpoke.

In this unhappy war, and fatal ſtriſe,
I know not which to yield to, joy or grief.
Tho' 'tis my fate to love my country's foe,
I had not ſeen him, had he not been ſo.
Yet mght they let their fierce contentions fall
And, making peace, make me the pledge for all.
Minos and I once join'd, our wars might ceaſe,
And that alliance fix a laſting peace.
Well might your mother's charms a god ſubdue,
If ever ſhe could charm, dear youth like you.
Happy! thrice happy had I wings to fly
To yonder tents, where the lov'd foe does lye,

I'd

I'd tell the dear iſturber of my reſt,
All that I feel, could it be all expreſs'd,
And pour my ſoul into the charmer's breaſt.
Give all I can to make him once my own,
All he would aſk, all,—but my father's crown.
This love ſhall ceaſe, theſe fierce deſires ſhall die,
Ere I by treachery my wiſh enjoy.
Yet when a generous foe diſputes the field,
It is not ſafeſt to reſiſt, but yield.
The tragic deſtiny of his darling ſon,
Has brought at laſt theſe fatal miſchiefs on.
In a juſt cauſe, his vengeful ſword he draws,
Strong is his army, to maintain his cauſe.
Needs muſt my charming hero proſperous prove.
Then let him owe his conqueſts to my love.
Thus thouſands will be ſav'd, who elſe muſt bleed,
And daily periſh, if the wars proceed.
Minos will thus be ſafe, and I be bleſt;
Elſe he may chance to periſh with the reſt.
Some raſh unknowing hand his ſpear may dart
Againſt my too, too vent'rous hero's heart.
For who, without concern, his wounds could ſee?
Or who would wound him, if he knew 'twas he?
'Tis then reſolv'd; leſt ſuch a chance ſhould fall,
On him I love ſo well, I'll hazard all.
My country, and my ſelf, one gift I'll join,
And make the mirit of his conqueſt mine.
To will is nothing, when we can't fulfil,
For wretched want of power, the things we will.
The gates are kept with a ſufficient guard,
And every night my father ſees them barr'd.
'Tis he deſtroys my bliſs; 'tis him I fear:
Would he were with the dead, or I were there.
Might I (not inj'ring him) my bliſs purſue?
Indulgent gods! but why invok'd I you?

We our own gods, have power ourſelves to bleſs,
And from ourſelves derive our own ſucceſs.
The only way to proſper is to dare,
For fortune liſtens not to lazy prayer.
Others enflam'd with ſuch a fierce deſire,
Have forc'd thro' all, to quench their raging fire.
Shall any other then more res'lute prove?
Thro' fire and ſword, I'd force my way to love.
Yet to aſſiſt me here, I need not call
For fire, or ſword; my father's heir is all,
That, that muſt crown my joys, and make me bleſt,
Beyond whatever elſe can be poſſeſt,
Beyond what can be by my words expreſt.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH of *DELIA*.

Quam referent Muſæ, vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum cælum ſtellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.

Tibullus.

DAPHNIS and THYRSIS.

Thyr. STAY wretched ſwain, lay here, and here lament;
Preſs not too far your ſtrength, already ſpent,
Long has diſtracting ſorrow made me rove
Thro' ev'ry deſart plain, and diſmal grove,
Still ſilent with exceſs of grief, and love.
Feebly your trembling legs beneath you go,
And bend o'er burden'd with their load of woe.
Stay, and this melancholy grotto chuſe,
A proper manſion for a mourning muſe.
Lay your tir'd limbs extended on the moſs.
And tell the liſt'ning woods of *Delia*'s loſs:
Here, the ſad muſe need no diſturbance fear,
For not a living thing inhabits here.
Muſic may give your ſorrows ſome relief,
And I, by liſt'ning to you, ſhare your grief.

Daph. What muſic now can my ſad numbers boaſt?
What muſe invoke? alaſs! my muſe is loſt.

Long

Long ſince my uſeleſs pipe was thrown aſide,
My reeds were broke that hour that *Delia* dy'd.
From her alone their inſpiration came,
She gave the verſe and was the verſe's theme.
For ever ſhould my ſorrows keep me dumb,
Silent as death, and huſh'd as *Delia*'s tomb;
Did not the force of love unlock my tongue,
Leſt her dear beauties ſhould remain unſung.
Her charms let ev'ry muſe conſpire to tell,
And that once done, let ev'ry muſe farewel.
This the laſt tribute of my verſe I bring,
To ſing her death and then no more to ſing.

Be ſtill ye winds, or in ſoft whiſpers blow,
Ye purling ſtreams, with gentle murmurs flow.
Let lambs forbear to bleat, and herds to low.
Let all in eaſy mournful numbers move,
Let all be ſoft and artleſs as my love.

Oh! ſhe was ev'ry way divinely fair,
Charming in perſon, and in ſoul ſincere.
She was, alas! more than the muſe can tell,
Well worthy love, and was belov'd as well.
She was, alas! theſe tears that ſaying draws,
Oh! 'tis a cruel, killing word; ſhe was.
Now ſhe no more muſt tread the flow'ry plains,
No more be gaz'd at by admiring ſwains:
No more, the choiceſt flowers, and daiſies chuſe,
Or pluck the paſture for her tender ewes.
Say, ye poor flocks, how often have ye ſtood;
And from her lovely hands receiv'd your food?
Now ye no more from thoſe fair hands muſt feaſt,
Thoſe hands, which gave the flowers a ſweeter taſte.
Mourn her, by whom ye were ſo often fed,
And cry with me the ſhepherdeſs is dead.

This the laſt tribute of my verſe I bring,
To ſing her death, and then no more to ſing.

Weep for her loſs, relenting heav'n, and keep
Time with our tears; heav'n ſeems apace to weep.
In murm'ring drops the mournful rain diſtills,
And ſable clouds wrap round the ſides of hills.
The goat forbears to browze, the tender ewe
Will drink no longer of the falling dew:
No morning larks their mounting wings diſplay,
Or chear with warbling airs the duſky day.
On dropping boughs ſad nightingales complain,
Join in my ſongs, but ſing like me, in vain,
In doleful notes the murm'ring turtles coo,
Each of them ſeems t'have loſt a *Delia* too.
The melting air in miſts its ſorrows ſhews,
And cold damp ſweat the face of earth bedews.
With tears the river-gods enlarge their ſpring,
Swans in ſad ſtrains on ſwelling waters ſing.
In ſighs the god of winds his paſſion vents,
And all, all nature, for her loſs laments.
This the laſt tribute of my verſe I bring,
To ſing her death, and then no more to ſing.

How often on the banks of ſilver *Thames*,
My eyes on hers, and hers upon the ſtreams,
Has ſhe ſtood liſt'ning, when I told my flames?
How often has a ſudden, ſide-long look,
Seem'd to confeſs her pity when I ſpoke?
Pity ſhe had, though I cou'd never move,
In her cold breaſt, the leaſt return of love.
Pity from her, more welcome did receive,
Than all the love another fair could give.
And it was ſome, ſome ſmall relief, to ſee
She lov'd not others, tho' ſhe lov'd not me.

Say

Say, gentle *Thames*, how often have I ſtood,
Viewing her dear reflection in your flood?
When on her face I durſt not gaze for fear;
How often have I look'd, and found it there?
How often have I wiſh'd my verſe might prove
Smooth as your ſtream, whene'er I writ of love?
Say, how your courteous waves would never flow
O'er any path where ſhe was us'd to go.
Now let your river, like my eyes, run o'er,
Inſult with fuller tides the deſart ſhore,
And drown thoſe banks, where *Delia* walks no more.
This the laſt tribute of my verſe I bring,
To ſing her death, and then no more to ſing.

Blue violets, and bluſhing roſes fade,
Fold your ſilk leaves, and hang your drooping head,
Shut up your ſweets, and ſeem, like *Delia*, dead.
Let ſpring run backwards, and the vintage blaſt,
Let conſtant ſhowers lay all the country waſte,
Let flames unto the center downwards tend,
And let the floods, untoſs'd by winds, aſcend.
Let all things change, and wear another face,
Let nature not appear the ſame ſhe was.
Let fowl to dwell beneath the water try,
And let the water herd attempt to fly;
Let wolves protect the flocks upon the plains,
Let baſhful virgins woo diſdainful ſwains;
Let ſavage death its cruelty purſue;
And, ſince my *Delia*'s dead, let me die too.
This the laſt tribute of my verſe I bring,
To ſing her death, and then no more to ſing.

See where the god of love all ſad appears,
His ſmoaking torch extinguiſh'd with his tears;
Well may he weep for his declining power,
His charm is done ſince *Delia* is no more.

Thro'

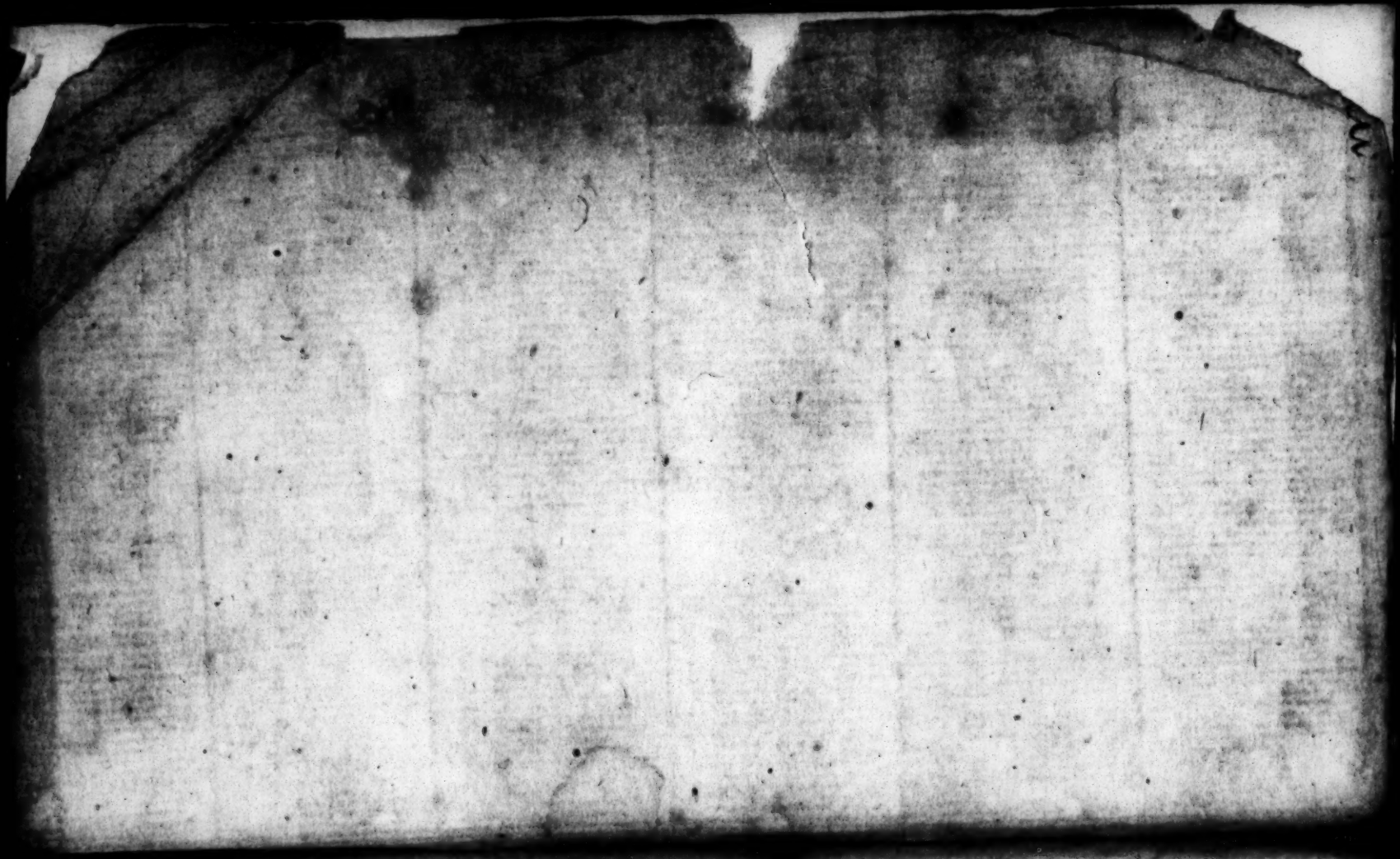
Thro' her he conquer'd, and thro' her he reign'd;
Her beauties his decaying ſway ſuſtain'd,
And ſhe now gone, his empire is diſdain'd.

See where *Diana*, with a ſtately train
Of goodly nymphs, deſcends upon the plain:
Each of them weeps, and leans upon her bow,
And mourns her fellow *Delia* wanting now.
The goddeſs grieves to ſee her train decreas'd,
And ſwelling ſighs ſhake ev'ry virgin breaſt.
Unhurt, they let the ſtags beſide them paſs,
Nor follow boars that tempt them to the chaſe.
In ſeveral forms of woe their grief they vent,
And all with me for *Delia*'s loſs lament.
This the laſt tribute of my verſe I bring,
To ſing her death and then no more to ſing.

Look yonder, where the lovely nymph is laid,
I'll go and on her earth recline my head,
Choak with my ſighs, and haſten to the dead.
Come hither all ye ſwains, with garlands come,
Pour out your richeſt perfumes on her tomb.
Let myrtles on her grave unplanted grow,
In ready wreaths for ev'ry lover's brow.
Let flowers, unknown before, be daily ſeen
To raiſe their heads above the ſpacious green.
Millions of blooming ſweets her earth ſurround,
And balmy gums diſtil upon the ground.
Here let the tuneful muſe for ever ceaſe,
To give unutterable ſorrow place.
Let ſighs and ſtreaming tears reſume their courſe,
And my ſad eyes be their eternal ſource.
I'll go and chuſe ſome melancholy cave,
As undiſturb'd and ſecret as the grave.
I'll feaſt my eyes with nothing fair on earth,
Nor ſhall my ears hear any ſound of mirth.

Farewel

Farewel ye charming choriſters, that dwell
In ſacred groves; ye warbling birds farewel.
Adieu ye nymphs, adieu ye fellow-ſwains,
Ye ſilver ſtreams, ſweet ſwans, and flow'ry plains;
Farewel all happy days, and ſmiling hours,
Refreſhing valleys and delightful bow'rs
Adieu to ev'ry grotto, ev'ry grove,
Adieu to poetry, adieu to love.

FINIS.

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